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TARUGO'S WILES:

OR, THE
Coffee-House.

A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at his Highness's, the Duke
of York's Theater.

WRITTEN

By THO. S^r SERFE, Gent.

Sir Thomas Sydenham

L O N D O N, g

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the
Anchor, on the Lower-walk of the New-
Exchange. 1668.

W. H. Herringman

T. A. R. U. G. O. S.

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THE FIVE

Coffee-House

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COMEDY.

of Jew's Theatre

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By T. H. O. S. J. R. L. C.

М О Д И О Л

Exchanged for Henry Livingston at the sign of the
Anchor, on the Lower wall of the Tower.
Exchange 1668.



To the Right Honourable, and most Noble Lord,

GEORGE

MARQUESS of HUNTLEY,

EARL of EIGNEY,

AND

LORD STRATHBOGY.

My Lord,



S Cities receive great Princes
with Showes and Pageants, so
I welcome your Honour into the
world with this Dramatick di-
vertisement. Perchance a more
serious Present had not been so
becoming your age, as having
but newly shaken off the infant
blossoms of a hopefull fruit, which in all reason is to be ex-
pected, if your Honour contemplate the actions of your
Illustrious Ancestors, whose greatness and glory were first
rooted by the munificence of Majesty, especially for stifling
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and confounding the Rebellion in the Reign of King James the Third. Never was bounty better bestowed; for Loyal gratitude in the highest degree has been by it constantly intailed on the house of Huntley: there needs no further demonstration then the actions and sufferings of your Noble Grandfather, Father, and Uncles in our late Fanatick Commotions: For, upon all occasions they and their Relations were still in the greatest readiness to assert the Royal Interest: And that which rendred them most considerable (next their Loyalty) was their number, who of themselves, without regard to Dignity, compos'd intire Squadrons of Horse and Foot. And for their sufficiency, let any reflect upon the Battels of the great Montrose, they'l find them so conspicuous, that it lies not in the power of the cunningest and blackest Malice to rase their glorious Memories out of the lasting Monuments and Histories of our time. This is so great a Truth, that I am delighted to think there's none can justly contradict me; So, who-soever sees all their Vertues summed up and inherited by you, shall never doubt that in any active capacity for the service of your Prince, your whole Name and Family under such a Head will still continue in the first rank of the best Subjects.

My Lord, this same Comical Trifle, which I dedicate to your recreation, like most other Playes, has its useful moralities. If the way I have used in ordering them be satisfactory, I esteeme my self happy, humbly begging your Honour wou'd be pleased to accept it as a small part of the great Thankfulness I owe for the many Reliefs, Shelters,

Shelters and Privileges, I received from your Family during the time of His Majesty's Service in the North of Scotland, which I shall die acknowledging, to be the duty of,

My Lord,

**Your Honours most Devoted,
and most humble Servant,**

THO. S. SERRE.

THE

The PROLOGUE.

Enter a Gentleman, a Player, and the Poet Master.
Gent. **W**ho is the Author of this new Play?
P. Serv. He's a Stranger, and my Master.
Gent. He must be a bold Stranger indeed that will venture his reputation to the Censures of our Criticsks.

P. Serv. Heaven forbid that any honest mans reputation shou'd depend upon the making of a Play; But, I must tell you Sir, he had never ventur'd, if he had not seen the Wit of the times so easily acquired.

Gent. But why is modern wit so easily acquired.

P. Serv. Because a Trivolino, or a Skaramuchio that's dextrous at making of mouths will sooner raise a Clap then a high flown Fancy.

Play. All the better for us if that be true, for we shall have new Playes come on like fresh Herring and Mackarell, all the year about; so that our Wits shall never be out of Season. *aside.*

Gent. But Friend, you are in a monstrous error; for if your Masters Play be not provided with requisite Materials, both he and it will be condemned to the Nursery.

P. Serv. I pray what do you reckon them Sir?

Gent. The Plot must be new, the Language easie, the Fancies intelligible, and the Comical part so delicately enterwoven, that both laughter and delight may each of them enjoy their proportions.

P. Serv. I have heard my Master say, that since the restauration of the Stage, he has seen all you have said represented to perfection, and yet blown upon with disdain.

Gent. That's only by the young sucking fry of Wits; But tell me, has your Masters Play the qualifications I told you of.

P. Serv. Not one of them, for the Plot is like all others of the time; viz. A new Toot out of an old Horn; and in regard he saw small things so acceptable, he has elub'd his Trifle with the rest, in hopes that it will prove less considerable then any that's gone before, and consequently expects a better approbation.

Gent. By that Character I perceive he's not ambitious to bear up with the Flag-wits.

P. Serv. Right, onely a small Privatier to skulk among Creeks and Clifts.

Gent. My advise is then, that he quit the English Shore if he intend to thrive at Wit Capring, for the Natives of that Trade has left so little now to pilfer, that the purchase will not defray the rigging of Ink and Paper, and let him try when he pleases, he'll find the Wit almost as scarce a commodity as the Money.

P. Serv. My Master was lucky then at his first setting out to cruise the Coast of Spain.

Gent. If he has done so, he could not miss of a good Prize.

P. Serv.

P. Serv. A small Caravel from *Sevill* which he freely bestows upon this good company, and that his present might be entire, he has given the Prize-Office the go-by.

Gent. He might have saved that labour, for not being matter of money they wou'd ne're a look'r after him. But tell me friend, without any more circumlocutions, what way is the Play drest ?

P. Serv. What do you mean by that ?

Gent. That's whether it be set off with Blank verse, Rhyme, or Prose.

P. Serv. My Master is no Arithmetician, and so defies all numerical composition.

Gent. This is the first Poet that ever I heard of, cou'd not make Verse ; But how shall the Expectations of the Audience and the Musick be prepar'd at the ending of Acts.

P. Serv. I am appointed with an Engine to do that.

Gent. Which way ?

P. Serv. This way.

[The Poets man takes out a Rattle and whistles it about his Head.]

Play. 'Slife, I think this Prose Poets fancy will take ; for if I be not mistaken, a Rattle will be better understood by a great many here then the best kind of Rhyme.

Gent. I see no reason but this same Engine ought to alarm the Minstrells to tune their Fiddles, and advertise the Audience to refresh their hams as well as a couplet of Rhyme.

Play. But Sir, it may scare the Ladies from eating their fruit.

P. Serv. Pox take you for a Coxcomb, do you take them for Maggots and Jackdaws.

Gent. I hope he has drest his Prologue in Rhyme.

P. Serv. No, I am to be his Jack-Pudding in the case, and deliver it by way of Harangue.

Enter a true Poet, and Friend to the Author.

Poet. Forbear Sirrha, you are a sawcy Serving-man, your Master will not be pleas'd at this boldness of yours with this Company. I say be gone with your Jack-Pudding Speech, least the Audience take it for a Divertory, and so choak their expectations of the Play.

Poet. Ladies and Gentlemen,

Ton'r too well bred not to be kind to day,
Since 'tis a Stranger that presents the Play ;
Stranger to our Language, Learning and Ryme ;
He says, to wit too ; and 'tis his first time.
No boldness in our Prologue shall appear
You, but too frequently meet that elsewhere ;
Wee onely your Divertisement intend,
'Cause on your Goodness all our hopes depend.

DRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

D *On Patricio* ————— } Two Knights.
 Don Horatio ————— }
Liviana ————— Sister to *Patricio*.
Lucina ————— Her Maid.
Sophronio, in love, and belov'd by *Patricio*.
Stella ————— Her Maid.
Roderigo a Knight, design'd by *Patricio* to marry *Liviana*.
Timon a younger Brother, bred in *England*, and Kinsman to *Don Horatio*.
Hurtante ————— a Taylor.
Two Sergeants.
Alberro ————— Servant to *Don Patricio*.
Domingo ————— Servant to *Don Horatio*.

A Coffee-House, where is presented a mixture of
 all kind of people.



TARUGO'S WILES:

OR, THE

Coffee-House.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter D. Horatio and Tarugo.

Tarn. IS not she, who you saluted now in passing, the Lady you so highly prais'd the other day?

Hor. The same; the City has not her equal.

Tarn. What think you of *Liviana*?

Hor. I confess her beauty's great, but for excellency of parts, *Sophronia* much excels.

Tarn. Are there any other parts requisite in a Woman but Beauty accompany'd with riches? all which *Liviana* hath in abundance.

Hor. The Lady *Sophronia* hath all you nam'd, besides a vast knowledge in Masculine learning.

Tarn. Vast knowledge, say you? ought Women to have any other understanding then good Huswifery; particularly to be skill'd in composing the valiant decoctions of Cock-broth, and restorative Jellyes.

Hor. That's (I suppose) the onely practice of the Northern-Women.

Tarn. If it be, I conceive it more proper for them, and much more useful

ful for us ; what you call Masculine learning is every way as unbecoming a Woman as to see a Switzer a Horse-back.

Hor. Well Cousen, I am now going to pay her a visit, which I can do at pleasure ; she being my Kinfwoman you shall go along , where I doubt not but after a little time spent in her company, you'l soon recover the gravity of our Spanish conversation, which I perceive you have altogether cast off for the English way of freedom. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Liviana and Locura.

Liv. I wonder what can be the occasion that my Brother's Nuptials with the Lady *Sophonra* is retarded, the reports bring all about the Town that they are already marry'd.

Loc. Madam, all I can learn from his man *Alberto* is, that since you have been so strictly confin'd, the Lady *Sophonra* has not received your Brothers Visits with her wonted cheerfulness : For my part, I believe this suddain restraint upon you hath rais'd dislike in her against so jealous and peevish a disposition.

Liv. 'Tis like enough ; if I were in her place I would do the same : but no more, I hear him coming.

Enter Patricio.

Pat. How fares it with my Sister ?

Liv. Well ; I hope in Charity with all the world.

Pat. Are you not troubled to be depriv'd of the accusom'd freedom in giving and receiving Visits.

Liv. Not at all, since it is your pleasure ; but if I thought any of my actions had led you to this severity, I should then be highly perplex'd.

Pat. I did it not upon any such account, onely the corruptions of the time urg'd that I should not expose you to the temptations of the world, and since 'tis for the ease of my mind, and preservation of your honour, you ought to be less dissatisfi'd.

Liv. Fear not the ease of your mind, if it depend upon the preservation of my honour, for 'tis within my breast can do that better then all your restraints.

Pat. All the better ; yet I scarce trust her, *aside. Exit severally.*

Enter

Enter D. Horatio, Tarugo, Sophronia and Stantia.

Sophr. Cousin *Horatio*, you are opportunely come, for I was just now going to send for you.

Hor. I am glad then my good Angel directed me hither; But pray, Madam, be acquainted with my Kins-man That's lately arriv'd from *England*.

Sophr. The advantage will be mine to learn the Customs of that wise Nation.

Tarn. If she be governed by the example of the English Ladies, she'll lead a merry life, and yet be esteemed a Vertuosa. *[Aside.]*

Sophr. Cousin my business will require privacy; Therefore intreat your Friend for a little space to step into the Gallery: *Stantia*, go you along and show him the Pictures.

Hor. Do Cousin: and try to pick out a Mistress among the Court Ladies, for there you'll find 'em represented to perfection.

Tarn. Whatever be her Learning I am sure her breeding's good; that will not suffer me to be alone staring about like a troublesome Dun:

Stan. Come Sir, 'll lead the way.

Tarn. Do Sweet-heart: I wish the Gallery be so blessedly contriv'd as to have a Belcone-window in it, that I may tender my love to this Original worth a thousand Copies. ————— *Exeunt Tar. Stan.*

Sophr. Now that we are alone, I pray use the same freedom with me that I shall do with you.

Hor. With all my soul I grant it.

Sophr. Then tell me, was there ever any serious Love 'twixt you and *Liviana*?

Hor. Such a business was once fairly begun, and I believe in regard my addressee were generous and real, that in some measure they were favourably receiv'd.

Sophr. Be perswaded they were, and she has signify'd so much to my self that you are the onely person she affects.

Hor. The discovery of this distracts me; for what hopes of enjoying such happiness, so long as her Brothers jealousy denies her all Conversation?

Sophr. There's the mischief; however (if your love be real) me hinks you ought to study all means to get the difficulties remov'd.

Hor. Where is your concern in being so earnest to advance this love 'twixt *Liviana* and me?

Sophr. To be free with you; *Patricio* is the onely Sovereign of my Soul, and I flatter my self to have a proportionable share in his love: 'Tis long

since our Faiths were plighted, but I am resolv'd against marriage so long as he practises this barbarous jealousy against his Sister, who among all the Ladies in Town is reputed the great example of Virtue; Therefore (dear Cousin) I sent for you that we may consult either to dispossess *Patricio* of this new taken up humour, or find a means to fetch *Liviana* out of her Prison; That your honourably begun love may be finish'd, and haply by the performance of either, *Patricio* may be convinc'd of his Error, and I in a capacity to terminate my enjoyment.

Hor. I am ready to advance the design though I suppose it will be more easie to rescue *Liviana*, then convince *Patricio*; for which cause I desire my Kinsman *Tarugo* be in the Plot, in regard his Education abroad has wonderfully improv'd him in dextrous Stratagems; If there be a way under the Sun he'll find it out.

Sophr. Let's call presently, and acquaint him with the project. *Don Tarugo*, now that we have done, your conversation will be acceptable.

Tarn. Madam, you can dispose of me at all times; yet I could have wish'd their Cabinet Council had lasted till my love to her Maid had been more advanc'd; for (if I be not mistaken) her frozen Chastity was beginning to thaw. *[Aside.]*

Stan. O Madam! your call came in good time; Certainly this man has been bred Commander in a Scotch Privateer.

Sophr. Why so *Stanlia*?

Stan. Because I suppose he fancied me a Dutch bottom, who for not striking at first, he was ready with his Grapler to have laid me aboard; and I verily think had made me prize, if the Authority of your call had not so seasonably come to my relief.

Sophr. Whata mad way of expression this same Wench uses? but don't you know, the English humour, with which he hath been so lately accusom'd, is not really so dangerous as it seems.

Stan. I am sure 'tis altogether Anti-platonick: Out upon him there where he stands, for a naughty man: But hark me Sir, the next time you catch me in the like occasion I'll be better prepar'd.

Tarn. With a more willing mind I hope.

Sophr. *Horatio*! Be pleas'd to unfold our design to your Cousin; you need not boggle at my Maid for I am fix'd in her fidelity.

Hor. The Lady *Liviana*, whom you so lately magnifi'd (though at that time I conceal'd my passion) yet she is the onely Object of my Love; I have reason to believe her kindness to me is reciprocal; but for the present her Brothers Tyrannous restraint interrupts the honourable Fruition that's design'd by us both. Now if we can find a way to bring her out of *Patricio's* house (which in effect is her Goal) I am resolv'd presently to marry her.

Tarn.

or *Taru* what needs so full and fair a delight be parted with such indiscreet means? being 'tis suppos'd *Patricio's* condition and quality ought not to deny alliance with you, who in all respects are his equal.

Hor. That's confess'd; but he's drunk and mad with a fancy that none of equal quality can have any other but dishonest intentions against his Sister, besides another Paradoxical opinion that's lately seiz'd upon him, that a Woman's Will is easily refrained, in contemplation of that Paradox he will needs make the experiment upon his Sister.

Sophr. What *Horatio* says is true, and I must tell you Sir, this same idle Caprice of his is the only occasion that I delay my marriage with him who will entertain no other Love but mine; if it be your good fortune either to relieve her, or dispose of him, *Horatio* and I will have cause to bless you forever.

Taru. Is this all?

Hor. It is now.

Taru. Your business shall be done, but in the first place, let me have that same little Picture of yours in *Minature* which was done by the renown'd English Artist when he was last at *Madrid*.

Hor. Take it.

Taru. Then, Madam, tell me who is *Liviana's* Taylor?

Stan. 'Tis Signior *Lorenzo*; he lives in *Thimble-street*, at the Sign of the Penny-loaf and Cucumber.

Hor. I do not understand what all this points at.

Taru. I pray have patience, 'tis like I may take your Mistress measure, and give you no cause of jealousy.

Enter servant of Sophronia's.

Serv. Here is one *Alberto* that belongs to *Don Patricio*, impatient to speak with *Don Taru*.

Taru. I'll go see what the matter is, and return presently. — *Ex. Taru.*

Hor. Heav'n defend that this be no advertisement of an Arrest.

Sophr. I hope he is not under that danger.

Hor. It's not to be expected but one whose greatest subsistence depends upon his wit, must sometimes run that hazard. *Enter Taru.*

Sophr. Here he returns, it seems the business is sudden.

Hor. What's the matter Cousin?

Taru. A trifling scruple, yet I wish it were remov'd.

Sophr. Let's know the particular.

Taru. My Taylor has been at *Patricio's* Lodgings for a warrant to arrest me, but not finding him I am yet secure; however I have shifts to give this little danger the go by.

Sophr. For the greater security I'll instantly send for *Patricio*, who will be glad of any opportunity to oblige me, because of the slights I have put upon

upon him since he begins to oppress *Livia* and *Hercules*; you shall not go from hence till you see the butch'rs done.

Hor. I am resolv'd to obey. I'll lose no time but presently about your affairs.

Sophr. Good success go along with you. *Exit severally.*

Tarr. I perceive for all this Ladies great Learning, she still ayms at the Natural practice of a warm Demonstration, I have undertaken a business that will stretch my invention to its height, and therefore in imitation of growing Politicians, I'll dress my self in the posture of deepest Contemplation.—It's here, it's here!—O my beloved *Mercury*, thou great God of Tricks, give me more with a couple of *Gambour* Pins to stop two small holes, and then all is well. As I live, it's come. *Pol.* *Proterus* was an Ass in comparison of me; me thinks if my back and lungs would hold out, I could transform my self in the shape of a household Pedant whilst he goes to breath Revelations upon his Ladies Bed-side; and whilst the invention is warm, I'll instantly put it in execution. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Patricio, Alberto.

Patr. I tell thee *Alberto*, nothing shall hinder my resolution; see there be Guards at the great Gate, and Centinels at every window.

Alber. What needs all this Sir? your Sister is a spotless Virgin, and ne're discover'd the least levity in her behaviour that might render her suspicious.

Patr. I must and will be obey'd: Methinks you being a Kinsman, as well as servant, ought to have a greater regard of my Sisters—Honour.

Alber. The Lady *Livia* wants not Vertue in abundance to preserve that her self.

Patr. No more words; but with diligence mind my orders. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Horatio, Sophronia, Patricia.

Sophr. I pray pardon my boldness in sending for you.

Patr. Madam! you have done me honour in the point.

Sophr. I shall be yet more your Debtor if I speed in my desires.

Patr.—It will be strange with me when your pleading fails.

Sophr. The Matter is, *Don Tarrago*, my Cousin *Horatio's* friend and kinsman is in hazard to be arrested at his Taylors suit, by a warrant from you, my request is for a time you suspend the giving it out.

Patr. You have spoke too late, for 'tis out already; besides, Madam, if you knew his indiscretion in defaming of Women, you would be loath to own him.

Sophr. As how?

Patr. He was heard say in an Assembly of persons of Quality, that it was as equally difficult to make Women in love with Chastity, as to persuade English *Quakers* to study Heraldry.

Hor. I he're heard him say so, though I know its his common discourse to affirm it a hard matter to confine a womans humour.

Patr. That's every way as ill as the other.

Sophr. Why Sir, is there any thing more certain then shut up a Woman against her will, but like a fire of Coals cover'd with earth, which (though it burns not clear) yet vents its heat in smoak, and in the end with violent flames breaks through the cloddy goal that smother'd its natural course.

Patr. Madam, I know you have store of Philosophy to maintain Paradoxes; therefore I'll avoid to reason with you upon the Argument, for I am sure that watchful authority overthrows all hazards of that kind.

Hor. I have still observ'd, that in all Creatures strict Restraint raises both passion and hatred against the Guardian; but most in Women whose brains are continually busy'd, to acquire their freedom, and with such secure wayes, as seldom their inventions are found out.

Patr. I do not value your opinion, for such as know the way can no more be mistaken then a wife man commit folly.

Sophr. But you know often the wisest men upon occasion distrust their own reason.

Patr.

Patr. I'll not change my mind, *Liviana* is my Charge, and her will I preserve.

Sophr. Alas! your vertuous and noble Sister I dare swear ne're entertain'd any dishonourable thoughts.

Stan. 'Ere I were in love with one of his curs'd an Humour, I had rather be condemn'd to the sacrilegious embraces of a revolted Fryer. ——— *aside.*

Sophr. Pray, noble *Patricio*, be advis'd.

Patr. I am not to be shaken from my design.

Hor. Sure you are bewitch'd, those we love and delight in ought to have freedom, and though you had *Hydra's* head studded with *Linx's* eyes, yet a Woman of less wit and spirit than is your Sister may over-reach you.

Patr. By Heaven's they are deceiv'd that think a woman's wit can overcome my Care.

Hor. I tell you that's a sawcy Contradiction.

Patr. Take it in the worst sense then if you please.

Hor. How?

Patr. I say so agen.

Soph. O *Stantia*! *Alberto*, separate. Hold noble Knights, this argument was ne're design'd to be decided by fighting.

Pat. I'll justify my opinion with the hazard of my life, what ever reason or experience say to the contrary, but I must be gone.

Albert. And I must follow ———

Ex.

Sophr. O most unfortunate wretch that I am! my love is great, and yet my sorrow is greater: Oh, oh! — If Vertuous *Liviana* thus be lov'd, his wife must needs expect to be abus'd. Oh, oh! ——— *[She sobs.]*

Stan. O Sir! Did not you observe how my Poetical Mistress breath'd her last words in Madrigal Rhime?

Hor. Leave off your fooling.

Soph. Oh! Would I could either change my love, or be his humour.

Stan. Madam, I would disdain all mankind e're I were thus inflav'd with so rigorous an Opiniator.

Soph. O *Stantia*! *Stantia*! thou know'st not what it is to be in love.

Stan. Nor never shall at this rate.

Hor. Cheer up, Madam, my life on't *Taruga* finds relief for us both.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter *Livia, Petr., Stanlio, Alberto.*

Liv. Methinks brother your Countenance discovers dissatisfaction in your mind:

Petr. Whatever be the business, I'm sure the means that I use shall preserve the honour of my Family. *Exit.*

Liv. Stay, *Alberto*! who has provoked my Brother to this Choller? How comes the honour of our Family in question? and tell me freely what means he by this strict guarding of his house, or has his memory and senses left him that he talks so idly?

Alb. It seems so when he is so carelessly careful.

Liv. It cannot be without cause.

Alb. Upon my life I know none.

Liv. 'Tis impossible but you do; neither is it to be imagined: A passion can be rais'd to that excess without some ground.

Alb. I cannot deny but he pretends one but built upon so slender a foundation.—I'm sure the sense you have of your own honour might have secur'd him from jealousy.

Liv. Prishee *Alberto* be free, for my Innocence protects me from all fear.

Alb. Madam, it were cruelty not to satisfy your desire; the truth is he means by you.

Liv. Upon what account?

Alb. I know not; one day in a dispute the other day he maintain'd the best way to secure a Womans Honesty was close imprisonment, and that freedom furnish'd 'em opportunities of looseness.

Liv. What was the person with whom he had the debate?

Alb. It was the brave *Don Horatio*, nothing short of his Ancestors who were still reckon'd among the most illustrious *Heroes* of Spain.

Liv. Was I mention'd in the case?

Alb. He named none; but on you he is to make the experiment, and besides additional Guards in the house, your liberty is to be diminish'd by fresh restraints: In effect his family is to be converted to a Garrison of Goalers and Spies, intrusted to my Charge, and to wheedle me into fidelity: He owns me as a Kinsman: This I have discover'd to witness my respects, however I'm resolv'd to be faithful. Your pardon, Madam, for I will not stay to be diswaded. *Exit.*

to

Tarugo's Hymn: Act,

Enter Locura.

Loc. O Locura! Locura.

Loc. What's the matter, Madam?

Liv. Are not all the faculties of my Brother's fair soul seiz'd upon by the black Devil of jealousy?

Loc. Against whom?

Liv. All woman kind in General, but I'm the unfortunate Wretch that must be the sacrifice of his folly.

Loc. I am still in a mist.

Liv. Why then he has the vanity to be thought wiser than any e're went before him.

Loc. In what?

Liv. No less wife for loosing the binding of a Woman's will.

Loc. This is strange: from whence does it proceed?

Liv. What was the first occasion of debarring my liberty I know not, but this other design of a more severe confinement (as *Albina* tells me) took its rise from an Argument 'twixt him and *Don Horatio*.

Loc. O Heavens!

Liv. Well, I am not you know with what valour I have trod upon all Temptations, though the addresses were modest and from persons of equal quality.

Loc. I know it very well.

Liv. Heav'n be my witness I ne'er entertain'd a thought either too grate upon my Birth or Chastity; but now that I'm innocently abus'd I find a dangerous spirit revel in my blood.—Sulphur and Gunpowder when fir'd in the great wild Fields does no harm.

She trends the Stage in a high Passion.

Loc. No, none at all.

Liv. But when confin'd within the bowels of the earth, Cities and Mountains cannot resist its force.

Loc. Nothing more certain.

Liv. I have observ'd that the most curious Glasses have been apt oft to break when most carefully Tender'd.

Loc. To my knowledge and extensive experience that's true.

Liv. You know *Locura* that *Don Horatio* and I had some interviews, he's no less worthy than the world speaks him.

Loc. Indeed a most Excellent person.

Liv. Though we were never serious in the point of Love, yet I am apt to believe there's mutual flames betwixt us which haply on my part might of themselves been extinguish'd if my brother had not become so cruel a Guardian; and since for him I must suffer, my brains shall never rest till I have found a means to entertain and renew our Loves.

Loc.

Loc. Nay, she should be as free as the air of a Woman that should our do
 as riches in Wisfulness of cunning, since a noble obsequiousness cannot

Liv. Neither shall she, and yet with the highest preservation of my ho-
 nesty, will not be so much as to let her see that she is a Woman that should

Loc. Alas! what simple and indiscreet Sots are those men who think their
 little inventions are of greater force to correct our Frailties than the sense of
 our honours? *Indiscreet Sots* are those men who think their

Loc. No, no, they are grossly mistaken for liberty in a virtuous soul scorns
 to abuse it self; what's to be condemn'd in women at freedom, may be ju-
 stified when shut up; and yet without the least hazard of my reputation, I'll
 find a way to convince him by experience that nothing wrongs our sex more
 than the indiscretion of a groundless jealousy.

Loc. When restraints are just, they are not to be indur'd, for this last
 Lent I was enjoy'd but once a day, and yet I could neither want Sup-
 per nor Breakfast.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Advance Friend! *Advances*

Liv. Who is that you bid come in? *Enter Alberto*

Alb. Madam! 'tis the Taylors man come to take your measure for a new
 Gown.

Liv. Let him come in.

Enter Tarugo disguised like a Taylor

with several Indian Stuffs.

Tar. Lady a Blessing on you!

Liv. Your business?

Tar. My Master, your old Servant, being sick, hath appointed me as the
 first trial of my skill to come and take your measure.

Liv. I like not experiments at my Charges.

Tar. He that sent me hither knows I seldom mistake.

Liv. Where learn'd you the Trade?

Tar. In the West-Indies!

Liv. That's a place indeed.

Tar. I was thither carri'd Captive, being taking by a *Muscovite* Man of
 War, going to *Alexandria*; he sold me to a Jew, who brought me to the
 Southern parts of *America*, where to the Queen of the *Amazons* Taylor I
 was baw'd for an old Pericoat; there I was instructed, and (though I say
 it my self) as approv'd a Thief as ever yet wielded a Sizzor.

Liv. This fellow is of a pleasant humour, but don't you know the fashions
 here and there vary?

Tar. All's one to me whether I work for Greeks or Pagans; Madam,
 the Queens name of that Country is *Fatima*.

Loc. How, *Don a Fatima*? that's a Christian-name.

Liv. Assure him he is the onely person in the world on whom I have fix'd my love, and deliver him here my Picture in return of his, which I will sacredly preserve as a soveraign Antidote against inconstancy; I expect he'll entertain mine at the same rate.

Tar. Be confident of it: Have you any more to say?

Liv. Nothing at present; but now that you can visit me unsuspected, let me see you often.

Tar. Doubt not of that, and since I perceive you are both fix'd in your affections, leave it to me to compleat your enjoyments.

Liv. I dare stay no longer, Heaven accompany your undertakings.—[*Ex.*

Tar. The world may now judge *Patricio's* snar'd by his rash jealousy.
Exit Tarugo.

Enter Alberto, with the Servants of Don Patricio's Family.

Alb. Now that you are all under my Charge I conceive my self a mighty Commander, and therefore fellow-Souldiers, when ever you have occasion to compare me with other Generals, let none be mention'd under *Julius Caesar*, or *Alexander the Great*.

1. *Serv.* What think you of *Scanderberg*?

Alb. Well enough for sudden Stratagems, and leading of small Party's; but nothing like me for the conduct of such a mighty business as this which *Don Patricio* has intrusted me with.

2. *Serv.* A great design indeed to interrupt the admonitions of Nature in point of Love.—[*aside.*

Alb. To give you a demonstration of my Military skill; suppose I were Governour of a starv'd Garrison situate upon this same spot, and you three the several Brigadoes of the Enemy that beleagu'r'd me.

3. *Serv.* What then?

Alb. And we shall suppose the Cook on the top of a Hill in the shape of a smoking *Osio* come for my relief.

1. *Serv.* Which way could you come to him, or he to you?

Alb. Why there lies the matter; In the first place I would attacke you with a multitude of thund'ring Stockadoes *in tertio*, the same to you *in quarto*; and supposing you to be a stand of Pikes I wou'd trip up all your heels *in Flankanado's*.

[*He embraces the Cook, sucking his head.*

And thus and thus I wou'd enjoy my belov'd *Osio*.

Cook. This same General of ours sucks me as if I were a Marrow-bone.

2. *Serv.* I wonder at that, for his Snout is more like a Carbonado'd Gizzard upon the Trencher of a Claret Vertuoso.—[*aside.*

Alb. Take this instruction along with you: whilst you are upon the duty

duty of Centinelling, avoid all sort of Devotion, for that brings drowiness, as it fell out the other day with me when I was catch'd sleeping by my Patron with a pair of Beads in my hand.

3. *Serv.* For which I remember you were soundly bang'd.

Alb. Therefore let's presently have a Song ———— [*He sings a Catch.*
Did not you all see how strangely Pug did imitate the Musick?

[*Whilst he sings, a Baboon imitates the Musick.*

Cook. That's nothing; I catch'd him one day in the Kitchen both Playing and Dancing with the *Negro-wench*.

Alb. Then I believe they have more in 'em then we are aware of; and though we look upon 'em as the By-blowes of drolling Devils begot upon Drills, yet in *Italy* when they are associate with Operators, they are then reckon'd in the number of the *Vertuosi*; and to try what you have said, bring out the *Negro-Girl*, and we'll have a Dance to see if he'll imitate us.

Cook. My life upon't, provided you donot beat him.

[*They Dance, where Pugge at the corner of the Stage imitates with the Negro-Girl.*

Alb. Now Gentlemen let's to our several Posts least *Don Patricio* come to go the round ———— *Exeunt.*

Enter Hurtante and two Serjeants.

Hurt. Friends at length I have procur'd a warrant to arrest *Tarugo*.

1. *Serj.* But it may be long enough e're we catch him.

Hurt. What's your reason.

2. *Serj.* In the first place he has such a correspondence with the Clerks of the persecuting Offices, that he never wants *Tymons* Advertisements: Next, for the most part, he is so circled with predestinat Hectors, that the at-taque will be as dangerous as to storm a Battery charg'd with small shot.

1. *Serj.* 'Tis true what my Brother sayes.

Hurt. But if you will be govern'd by the directions which I shall shape out for you, there's not the least hazard.

2. *Serj.* Let's hear them.

Hurt. You must near rhink of catching him after Sun set, for by that time he and the Myrmidons of his Society will be warmed to such despair, that though the whole Kennel of the *Martials* Beagles were let loose, they dare not grin upon them.

1. *Serj.* We know that by woeful experience,

Hurt. Therefore my advice is, since it's his custome every morning to be at the Coffee-house, allaying his Claret vapours, that you lay hold upon that sober opportunity.

2. *Serj.* Truly Brother the advice is good, for if ever the Law have any

The Coffee-House.

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any operation with persons of his temper; it must still be in a morning before Dinner.

1. *Serj.* Nay even at Dinner, if they be half way enter'd in the second Course they are impegnable.

Hurt. No more words since I have told you his haunt there is five Pistols to do my business

2. *Serj.* Fear nothing, it shall be done. ————— *Exit HURT.*

1. *Serj.* These same Tailours are most excellent Benefactors.

2. *Serj.* Nay, if Protections were not in vigour, they wou'd so advantage our profession, that it were to be dreaded the second rate, Lawyers wou'd incorporate with us.

1. *Serj.* There's no doubt of that, for since the Judges takes their Fees, they poor wretches are little better then Knights of the Post.

2. *Serj.* I say agen, Long live the Tailours; for since our subsistence depends upon the wrath of Heaven, Tailours must be in the first rank of stitching Plagues, for the Egyptian Juglers cou'd near attain the counterfeiting of Lice. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Patricio and D. Roderigo.

Pat. I wonder *Roderigo* how you came to stay so long in the Country.

Rod. I was so far from wearying, that when once I have ended the business that brought me to Town, I'll straight thither again.

Pat. For shame lay aside that Resolution; 'tis your younger Brothers business to be your Steward whilst you remain here, and enjoy the pleasures of the City.

Rod. I am rather for the English Gentry, who stay at home and mind the preservation of their families, and let their younger Brothers come to shift in the Court and City; besides, you know what ill luck I had when I was last here in pursuance of a Wife.

Pat. It was your own want of patience, can you imagine any Lady in the matter of marriage will yield at first sight?

Rod. I cannot help my humour, but now I am so much delighted with Country-sport, that I can wait with patience till I meet with such a ready dispos'd woman as my self, and when I am surpriz'd with Natural Frailties, my Tenants Daughters are so dunsful, that they think it Rebellion to deny me, that humour being over, I have no temptation to arrest me from the pleasure of all sorts of Field-Exercises.

Pat. Let's go and divert our selves in the Park; 'tis like before you part from the City I may fit you with a Wife, that in all respects will answer your Birth and Fortune.

Rod.

Rod. I'll try it for once; but if I meet the old stiffness and Formality, my accustom'd indifference is still at hand.

Pat. This same *Roderigo* is of a much more easie temper than the huffing *Horatio*; I'll try to fix him with my Sister, then all my care is at an end.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, A Coffee-House.

Enter Tarugo, Coffee-Master, two Servants.

Tar. **W**As there any to enquire for me?

1. Serv. None at all.

Coff. Mr. Pray Sir when are you to have your Troop?

Tar. Speedily now that the War goes on with *France*. But why do you ask?

Coff. Mr. Because my man *Will*, has been so often box'd by our Neighbours Prentices; he would fain ride six Months a Trooper to learn a little of the Bravo, and so return with fierce Looks to frighten his old Enemies.

Tar. Let him be fitted with a good Horse and other necessaries; then if he'll hazard so much time as to be beaten into the humour you speak of, for your respect I'll make him welcome.

Coff. Mr. I thank you, Noble Sir; But do you observe *Will*, what the Captain says?

Will. Well enough; but I am told if I can but once be so lucky as to bang a reputed Killcow, that then I may live in quiet for the future.

Tar. But have a care, lest such a success lead you into so sawcy an humour, as will ensnare you into so many beatings; that 'tis to be feared you may be re-cowed to the tameness of your first temper.

Enter th' other Drawer in a Hurry

1. Serv. O! Sir: Over the way behind the Pillars, yonder's *Hurtante* the Taylor, and two Serjeants, pointing at this House, and by their busie whispers they seem to be upon a search.

Tar. 'Slife I am the party concern'd: What shall I do Landlord?

Coff. Mr. If they come here I dare not deny 'em entrance.

Tar. If I go out I'm certainly catch'd: Let *Will*, and I shift Cloathes, and whilst he acts the part of a Gentleman-Customer, I'll perform his office in serving up Coffee.

Coff. Mr.

Coff. Mr. Not amiss if he act the part of a Gentleman handsomely; there's hopes he may prove a good Trooper, but that you may have the mote time to shift, I'll down stairs, and entertain 'em with some discourse: Remember Sir (when you serve Customers) you discover nothing of a Gentle-pride.

Tar. Let me alone for that: Come *Will.* quick, quick! your Coat and Apron; take you my Vest, Hat, Perriwig and Sword.

2. *Serv.* I see that Gentlemen upon occasion will play Tricks to avoid a just debt, as well as we poor Rogues.

Tar. Tush, That's nothing; farewell sweet *England*, where, what you term Tricks are accounted acts of Thrift.

2. *Serv.* This same Hat, with the other ranting Moveables, inspires me already with the heat of a Hector:

Tar. All the better; and Roar out your first Tryal upon me, but good *Will.* avoid blows, least I forget the humility of my disguise. Oh! I hear 'em coming.

1. *Serv.* It's none of them.

Tar. No matter, be what they will I'll begin to practice.

Enter several Customers of all Trades and Professions.

Tar. You'r very welcome Gentlemen, and as I may say, come in season to taste of the best Coffee that e're wet purflin.

1. *Cust.* So it had need, for the last I had here was nothing but warm water boyl'd with burnt Beans.

Tar. To tell truth, it was but a remain of the last years growth. but I'll assure you, this is of the first fruits brought home from the Gardens of *Sestos* and *Abidos*.

2. *Cust.* What places are those?

Tar. They are two Houses of Pleasure four miles from *Constantinople*; the one belongs to the Gand-Signeur's Tallow-Chandler, the other to the Gold-finer of the *Seraglio*.

3. *Cust.* If their Gardens be cultivate with the dung of their Trades, the stuff wants not heat.

4. *Cust.* Bring me Chocolette that's prepar'd with water, for I hate that which is encourag'd with Eggs,

2. *Cust.* Landlord! pray what's the operation of Coffee?

Coff. Mr. Gentlemen, do but read this Paper, and there you'll find an exact account of its qualities,

[3. *Cust.* reads the Paper.

The Physical operations of Coffee, are dissolving of Corns, correcting Corruption first upon the Temples of the Posteriors, and cooling those fiery Blisters upon the Liver that's procur'd by extraordinary drinking of Lemonado that's warm'd with the frosted Christal of the Alps.

AS for its operations upon the faculties of the Soul, that varies according to the several Climats; for in *Spain*, when the Steam is apply'd to the eyes, it renders the Inhabitants there most foreseeing and perspicacious in forreign Discoveries; and when under the Ears of a *French-man*, it fills his head so full of Pantaloons, and Sarabands, that he can no more forbear Dancing, then if he were bit with a Tarantula. In *England* again it has more politick Effects in appearance, but little to the purpose, for every Pragmatical fellow will be cementing the Cracks and Flaws of the Government, especially when the vapour mounts into the Noddle of a snivelling Lay Elder; for there commonly it fixes till it has dissolv'd all the ligaments of Loyalty. But 'tis most usefull to the *Hollanders*; for when their brains are stupifi'd with condens'd Clouds, by eating and drinking too much Hair-grout and Brandee, then they use it by way of Glyster to remove these knotty impediments; but instead of making these Dull vapours transpire through the passages of the head, by way of repercussion, they come tumbling down the body, and fly into the Breeches with as great fury as a Cork does from English Bottle-Ale.

Tar. Pray Sir, how do you like this Chocolette?

4. Cust. Well enough.

Tar. So you may, for this is the prolifick Cawdle, that renders all our Curtezans fruitful when they are transplanted to the *West-Indies*.

1. Cust. Observe how the Rogue Cants,

Coff. Mr. I must tell you Sir, this same Fellow is of honest City-Parents, and was well bred at Schools, but disdaining a Virtuous Life he betook himself to Travel, or more properly to act the Vagabond; but now the speed of his ranging humour being spent, he thinks himself happy with this sober condition.

2. Cust. That's commonly the end of all such who avoid the virtue of a laudable Trade or Profession.

Enter two Schollars.

1. Schol. Come Brother, let's to the Table of *Salamanca*, and not mingle with these *Illiterati*.

2. Schol. What you please.

Tar.

Tar. Gentlemen, are you for Coffee, Tea, or Chocolette?

1. *Schol.* Coffee by any means, for the last Chocolette I drank did so smite me with drowfiness, that in a Dispute with a *Junior Soph*, I was still to seek for distinctions.

Tar. *Pro hac ratione dabo vobis, Coffeum Sublimatum.*

2. *Schol.* You seem to be a Schollar.

Tar. I was a time at the University.

1. *Schol.* Can you unravel a Syllogism.

Tar. Provided it be not drawn up in Latine.

1. *Schol.* Then *Vulgariter* I'll try you.

Tar. Come then: methinks I can stand one Broad-side of your dreeling Phylosophy.

1. *Schol.* He that drinks most has least Thirst.

Tar. That's allow'd.

1. *Schol.* Then you must grant that he who has least thirst drinks least.

Tar. It would seem so.

1. *Schol.* *Ergo* he that drinks most drinks least.

Tar. I suspect this is a *Sophysma*, and such a one that I cannot tell where it lies, though I was four year in the Philosophy-Classe.

2. *Schol.* Ha ha, ha; Four year at Philosophy, and cannot dissect a *Sophism*! Friend, friend, my advice is you near offer at learning among Schollars agen.

3. *Cust.* Nor at sence neither, least he be not understood with such as you, who Butchers the Truth with distinguishing subdivisions. ——— *aside.*

At another end of the Table there's a hot debate, and the Disputants standing up.

1. *Cust.* Yonder Gentlemen are very eager in their dispute; Heav'n forbid they do not quarrel.

2. *Cust.* Come Sir, to avoid more contest here, I'll give you five Pistols if you'll oblige your Heirs to give me forty, a hundred years hence.

4. *Cust.* Hold him Sir, I and my Heirs will go your half.

1. *Cust.* What's the debate Gentlemen?

4. *Cust.* He maintains by this new invention of the *Vertuoso* of Transfusion of the blood, that he is able to perpetuate himself to Eternity?

1. *Cust.* Which way?

4. *Cust.* When once his own blood decays through Age, that by letting it out, and filling its place with the blood of a young Hog, then immediately he returns into the Age of Fifteen.

1. *Cust.* But why a young Hog?

4. *Cust.* Because of all Beasts, it resembles most a Man.

2. *Cust.* You may judge Sir, whether I have not reason for my opinion, for the other day being at *Vertuoso-Hall*, I saw a decay'd Weather, replenish'd

nish'd with the blood of a Bull-calf, which so soon as it was settl'd with a Ramish bravery, it broke from the gripes of the *Virtuosi Operators*, charg'd through Ten thousand Spectators, and most valiantly mounted a *Barbary-Mare* in view of the multitude.

1. *Cust.* Then it seems it participates of the Drain'd-Creatures Faculties by way of Transmigration.

3. *Cust.* Nothing more certain; for when I was last in *England* where such Experiments are frequent, There was an old Usurer past 80, bought a young Welsh Thief from the Gallows, whose blood by this way of Transmigration, having restor'd him to youth; this same Usurer, contrary to his former practice, was taken stealing of Cheese, for which I saw him whipp'd at a Post.

2. *Cust.* Come Sir, no more dispute, will you hold my Bett.

4. *Cust.*—Nay; I'm resolv'd near to die, so long as I am able to buy a Young-Goat; It's not out of wantonness I pitch upon this Creature, but to satisfy my humour of climbing Cliffs for Jack-Daws Nests.

1. *Cust.* I pray Sir when you were at *London*, did you know e're a Coffee house that went by the Title of the Politick Speculatists of the Round-table.

3. *Cust.* Those were the ballating Projectors, when the Government was off its hinges, but that sort of people are no more, for alas who but fools would debate whether the Hen or the Egge was first; for so they have stated the priority of propriety and Government, and Heav'n knows how in order to that, what Havock they made of *Bodin, Matchivall, & Plato*:

*Enter Hurtante, 2 Sergeants spying
from Table to Table.*

Landlord. this Son of a Whore your Man, is such a thick-scall'd Rogue, that he brings me Coffee when I cry for Chocolette.

Coff. Mr. Why don't you mind the Gentlemen, you Logger-head Booby.

Hurt. He's not here! That's but earnest of what shall follow if you do the business.

[*ro Tarugo.*

Tar. If he had not been gone this morning to *E'strema Daura*, in order to the raising of his Troop, I should have set him to you sometime to morrow; it will be at least ten dayes e're he return; there sits his man whom he has left to send some necessaries after him.

1. *Serj.* I believe 'tis true, for he wears a cast suit of his Masters.

Hurt. No more! you'll remember?

Tar. Fear nothing on my part. ————— *Ex Hurt. and Sergeants.*
This danger is fairly over, now shall I have time to finish *Don Horatio's* affairs: Come *will.* let's shift agen, and be as we were; there's a Crown for you to spend: I'll delay no longer, but instantly go find *Horatio* and *Sophronia*,

Sophronia,

phronia, and comfort 'em with the success I have already found in this their amorous intrigue.

[Ex.

At another Table they are in debate about Painting.

1. *Cust.* By its style of Painting, it seems to me of the *Florentine-School*, and a Copy of *Tintoret's*.

2. *Cust.* I rather think it of the *Roman-Clas*, and an original of *Panlo*, *Verones*.

3. *Cust.* I perceive these blades would fain be reckon'd among the *Vertuosi* of the time, for all their knowledge in Painting consists in the naming of famous Artists basely apply'd.

4. *Cust.* Like those who are still retailing the Index's of Books to be esteem'd learn'd.

5. *Cust.* Or new started Gentry that are still discoursing of Heraldry.

1. *Cust.* I'll be judg'd by any of these Gentlemen.

2. *Cust.* You'r a Coxcomb to tell me 'tis an Original of *Hannibal Curiatio*.

Coff. Mr. Gentlemen, these rude words do not become the Gravity of my house, which I'll have you to understand, is like the School of *Athens*, where all things are debated with reason.

3. *Cust.* Softly, Friend not too much of that neither; for the *Athenian-Magi* were themselves to seek for a definition of Reason, and though it be the pretended standard that governs the Actions of this World, I suspect every mans own fancy takes the largest share.

1. *Cust.* Remember this Sir, I'll teach you to call a *Vertuoso* a Coxcomb.

3. *Cust.* Come Gentlemen, lay aside your quarrelling, and I'll reconcile your scruples; for if I be not mistaken, the best of you all is not arriv'd to a Journey-man *Vertuoso* as yet.

1. *Cust.* I begin to suspect so my self.

3. *Cust.* Take notice then if you had understood the History, you had soon found the Pencil: for it's the description of *Arion* the *Grecian Piper*, that stroll'd up and down *Italy*, where in his return home, crossing the *Peloponesus* in a Fish-wherry of the *Dardanelli*, the Boatmen cast him overboard for his pelf which this Damn'd Dutch-painter has made a great ship of two tire of Guns with the Rainbow-flag of *Amsterdam*, and instead of making our Min'strel bestride a Dolphin, he has mounted him upon the Shoulders of a large Codd.

At which all the company laugh.

The two Scholars at the Table where the Globes were, the one is instructing the other in the Celestial-Globe.

1. *Schol.* This same gravelike Matron is *Cassiopeia*, Jupiters Dry-Nurse, and Governess to *Juno's* Milk-maids.

2. *Scher.*

2. *Schol.* Is this the who with her Troop of Country-wenchies goes every May-day a milking Cows in *Via Lactea*.

1. *Schol.* The same: and there they make provisions of Cheese-cakes and Creame for the Mathematical Feast in *Copernicus-Hall*; but when I come to demonstrate with *Galileu's Tube*, I'll discover to you all the black-patches on her Face, and whether her Whisk be right set off; and how many tire of Gimp-lace circles the skirts of her Petticoat.

Coff. Mr. Take notice Gentlemen, the two Schollars are got to hold forth upon the Globes, observe a little, and you'll hear most strange Learning.

2. *Schol.* Pray what old Woman's this with a pair of Scales?

1. *Schol.* That's a *Geneva-Witch*, weighing the French-League against the Tripple-corded Covenant.

1. *Schol.* What be these old fellow's that seem to oversee the ballance.

1. *Schol.* The one is a *Gascoigne-Fryer*, the other a *New-England Lecturer*.

2. *Schol.* Methinks the *West-India-Divines* side has the odds in weight.

1. *Schol.* That's no wonder, in regard he has the advantage of 39 scruples of Non-conformity.

2. *Schol.* But why the Devil a witch to manage the Scales?

1. *Schol.* Nothing so proper, it being a case of sanctif'd Rebellion: But enough of this, and take a little view of the *Terrestrial Globe*.

2. *Schol.* What great Continent is this in *Africa* that's illustrated with Green and Yellow?

1. *Schol.* That's the Territories of *Presbyter-Pohn*; and mark me, Sir there stands his principal City, and here stands his Palace, and this same round pile of building like a Pigeon-house is his Chappel of Ease, which serves likewise for the Meeting-place of his *Synod*; when he congregates 'em to knead *directory* Discipline; and observe it is the exact *Antipodes* of the *propaganda fide* at *Rome*.

2. *Schol.* Under what parallel?

1. *Schol.* Let me see, precisely to a hairs breadth upon the same line with two Villages in *England*, known by the names of *Kidderminster*, and *Banbury*.

2. *Schol.* By that account it shou'd be directly as many Degrees of latitude from the South-pole as the *Sollin Greise-Islands* are from the North.

1. *Schol.* Most exactly right.

2. *Schol.* Now Sir, tell me the reason why in this great Sea, the fish you see swim there are of the quantity of Islands.

1. *Schol.* These are the *Trouts* of the *Atlantick Ocean*, which overgrows all other Fish, by the strong nourishment of its Water.

2. *Schol.* As how I pray?

1. *Schol.*

1. *Schol.* Why Sir, this great Sea has its source from the roots of the Coker-nut-trees, that grows among the Mountains of *Tartuffely* in *America*, and after it is strain'd through the straits of *Magellan* it disgorgeth it self, as you see all along the large Coast of *Terra Australis incognita*.

2. *Schol.* Then it would seem th' *Atlantic* Sea drinks like *Chocollette*, because the milk of the Coker-nut is its greatest ingredient.

1. *Schol.* The very same.

4. *Cust.* If this same *Ocean* had been either *Plum-pottage*, or *Brumswick-Mumme*, it had been a great question whether the Aldermen in *England*, or Burgamasters in *Holland* had prov'd the greatest Discoverers.

2. *Cust.* I'm told Sir, that Coffee inspires a man in the Mathematicks.

3. *Cust.* So far as it keeps one from sleep, which you know is the ready way to distract consequently the improvement of the Mathematicks.

Enter a Barber and a Baker.

Barb. Neighbour, do you find the Polliticks grow upon you since your drinking of Coffee.

Bak. So far from the hopes of being a Counsellour of State, that I now despair the preferment of a Constable.

8. *Cust.* Friends, you are both mistaken, if you think the *Spanish-Coffee* perfects any man in the Polliticks; 'tis only in *England* where the advantage of the Air, with a particular way of preparation improves the Coffee-drinkers in these Mysterics.

Enter Bakers Wife in a hurry to her Husband.

B. wife. O! you are a fine man indeed! to leave the Government of the Oven now, when 'tis cramm'd with the *English Consuls* pastry, to me that's the weaker vessel, besides the looking after four small Children, and all forsooth to be thought wiser then your neighbours by drinking the abominable liquor of *Insidels*! A Murrin upon all ambition; for since my Husband came to be a *Kerruoso*-Hunter in these Prating-houses, he has altogether left off the caring for his poor Family.

Bak. Hey! Whirr! I think the Woman's mad; huzzy though I allow you to find me out in Taverns, yet this sawciness does not become you to intrude into the society of *Vertuosi*.

Barb. I hope none of this learned and politick Crew will be offended that my neighbour here Clubs his cloven Philosophers.

{ The Baker plucks his Wife away,
& says to the Barber,

Bak.

Bak. Neighbour, pray pay what I have had, for I must home and house my Wife. ————— *Exit.*

Barb. I won't stay long behind, lest my wife do the same.

1. *Schol.* I wish she had stay'd, for they say a woman is the best Engine either to display a *Horizontal-Dial*, or *Horizontal-Windmill*.

2. *Schol.* I should rather think by her Clack she would make a better demonstration of the perpetual motion.

Barb. If any knew her as well as I, you would think all the members about her are a perpetual motion. ————— *Exit*

Enter Coffee-Master with a Gazette.

Coff. Mr. Gentlemen, here's fresh news from all parts.

1. *Cust.* Pray let one read for all.

2. *Cust.* Give it me then.

From *Constantinople* the *Dutch* Ambassador in imitation of *Algiers* hath presented the Grand-Signeur with a Covy of *East-Freezland* Boyes, fatten'd with black Beans and Butter-milk.

3. *Cust.* If that be true, then the prophesie of *Sybilla Laplandica* shall be fulfill'd.

4. *Cust.* Pray what's that?

3. *Cust.* She sayes, when *Mahomet* is glew'd to the stern of Squab-skipers, then the whore of *Babylon* shall be brought to bed of a horn'd *Hermaphrodite*.

Fourth Cust. proceed.

Aleppo. The long Wars 'twixt the Ribband-makers Daughters of *Athens*, and the Bone-lace Weavers of *Lacedemon* shall be determin'd by a Match at Stool-ball in the Fields of *Pharsulia*, the party vanquish'd is to pay a Tanzy-Cake of the quantity of a Mill-stone: after that, with a consort of Bag-Pipers and *Jews*-harps, they give a meeting to the Link-boyes of *London* in the Meads of *Arcadia*, where the Queen of the Country treats 'em with ten Tun of Syllibub; from thence they go a pairing among the Groves of *Parnassus*, to gender inhabitants for the Common-wealth of *Utopia*.

1. *Schol.* This peace may much conduce to reconcile the *Janfinists* and *Jesuits*.

England. The *Jews* have preferr'd a Bill of Comprehension to the Senate of *London*, that they may be admitted into the Society of the Coal-Merchants and Wine-coopers, because Trade settled in his due latitude, is the stability and advancement of that Kingdom.

2. *Cust.* I wonder what can be the reason of that?

3. *Cust.* My life upon't, it can be for no other reason, then that among other pretenders to liberty, they may be allow'd to starve and poyson the bodies

bodies of Christians, as others would do their minds with dangerous and pernicious persuasions.

From *Amsterdam*. The States have taken the allowance from the *Virtuosi* that were to find out the longitude, and bestow'd it upon their Gazetteers, for finding out dextrous lies to conceal the defeats they had from the English.

2. A singular Act of prudence, for such tricks have in some sort supported their reputation over the world.

3. *Cust.* Ditto. *Hans-Bublikins* Burgomaster of *Enchusen* was stigmatiz'd for Adultery, because in the last Dog-dayes he was found in a Ditch cooling himself with the embraces of a Virgin-*Sturgeon*.

1. *Schol.* O Heavens! certainly that was one of the prodigies that was foretold to fall out in 1666.

2. *Schol.* But by their *Hogen Mogen*-ships favour, that was too severe a punishment, for conform to one of their own Decrees of the Synod of *Dort*, providing the sturgeon be not pickl'd, it onely amounts to a simple Fornication.

3. *Cust.* From the Islands of *Orcades* in the North-*Indies*. The Prize-Brandee is so plentiful, that in the last great drought they us'd it for watering their Gardens, which warm'd the ground to such a degree, that their Cabbiges sprung out Musk-mellons, and their Gooseberry-bushes produc'd Muskadine-Grapes.

1. *Schol.* The occult quality of that will be one half years Task for the new-hatch'd *Virtuosi*.

3. *Cust.* Here's an Advertisement of a Citizens Daughter of 17 hand-full High, and 18 years of Age, who went without the Walls to drink Red-Cowes milk: 'tis fear'd she has stray'd among some of the neighbouring Parks. If any Male or Female Keepers of the said Chases will bring Notice of her to the Office of Address, they shall be honestly rewarded.

1. *Cust.* Her Parents were indiscreet to trust her alone; 'tis a hundred to one if e're she be recover'd without a dangerous Crack.

3. *Cust.* In *Don Pantalions* Academy there lives a *Virtuoso*, who makes Spring-Saddles that will make a mans body amble though mounted on a *Flanders* Genet.

4. *Cust.* A good Posting-Saddle for such who are troubl'd with the Hemerods. But is there any advertisement of new Books?

3. *Cust.* Here are two; the one titl'd, *Bibliotheca Matrum*: or, a Commentary upon *Ambrose Pareys* Instructions for Generation, written by Mother *Candel Wright*, Dry-Nurse to the Society of philosophical Demonstrators; The other is, let me see, Observations upon the Memories of Monsieur de *Buffy*, with a translation of *Aretines* Moralls in Burlesque-rhyme, done by a Platonick Lady in her Lucid Intervalls.

4. *Cust.* The tides proclaim them great works : O to think of the mettle and ingeniousness of these times, in respect of the dull dayes of our Ancestours !

1. *Schol.* Really the News-book Writer has done his part well, and very exactly ; calculate his occurents to the understanding of the Age : neither has he in the least made any invasion upon the secrets of State.

2. *Schol.* I am not altogether of your mind ; for if our natural enemies get the secret of the Pacing-saddle, not onely we, but all our neighbours may suffer.

1. *Schol.* I pray which way ?

2. *Schol.* It may encourage all their Flux'd Gallants, whose Bones cannot endure the jolts of a Trotting-horse to become Troopers, in that case considering their Warlike Dispositions, it may rationally be feared, they'll ne're give over till they have ambled themselves into the Universal Monarchy.

1. *Schol.* I confess, Brother, your reason is to be allow'd ; but if we can find a way to start-up another holy League among them, the vanity of that Career will be soon stopt.

4. *Cust.* Friends, do not flatter your selves with that, for 'tis seldom known that any stratagem serves twice in one place.

3. *Cust.* You are in the right ; for there were two late experiences of it in Britain : The one of a Wine-Cooper, who thought to have made disturbance under the pretext of the *Good old Cause* ; but that kind of stummed stuffe wou'd not down with the people, their stomachs having been so much cloy'd with it formerly. The other was renewing a rebellious Covenant in the North part of the Island, but that juggle had the same success : so that the effects of both were no better then if a Garrison of *Bedlam* had sallied out to conquer the world. But whereas you say, our Gazetier has discover'd no State secrets truly ; many are of the opinion they have none to discover.

2. *Cust.* I wonder what kind of man that is who is so busie with his Table-book ?

3. *Cust.* I suspect this a *Dramatick Poet* of a weak memory, come to pick up materials to help his fancy.

4. *Cust.* I rather think he's a spy of a Tott'ring-States-man, That's curious to know the opinion of the world as to his Actions.

Coff. Mr. He's a spy, but not of that kind you speak of ?

2. *Cust.* What then ?

Coff. Mr.

Coff. Mr. One of these setters belonging to the Excise-Office comes to peep upon my gains.

Enter several Reformadoes at another Table.

1. *Refor.* Mark! where I place this Tabacco, Staple was the *Battalia*.

2. *Refor.* Right.

1. *Refor.* *Don Hurtado* with his red and yellow Brigadoes, commanded the right Wing, and *Don Alonso* with his blew and white the left.

3. *Refor.* And do not you remember when I commanded the Forlorne, the General sent me Orders not to be too sudden in the shedding of blood.

2. *Refor.* Did not you tell me once, that you commanded the Reserve of the Right Wing?

3. *Refor.* So I did; but the agility of the Enemy in point of wheeling, made me then become the forlorne of our left Wing; by all good Tokens, at my first onset I defeated 1500 Curasleers that commanded the Redoubt which flunk'd th' Enemies Cannon.

Countr. Gent. What is a Redoubt?

3. *Ref.* 'Tis a large Field of plough'd ground, circl'd with a Turf Dike; but when it is appropriated to a line of Circumvallation in a Camp, why then it falls artificially in to be a spot of ground naturally fortifi'd with Bastions, Half-moons, Ravelins, Tenalies, Horn-works, Foss-braes and Parapets; for all which strengths it carries the valiant title of Redoubted.

1. *Ref.* Did ever any hear a Son of a Whore talk so ignorantly?

2. *Ref.* Take heed who you call Son of a Whore.

1. *Ref.* Where's the danger?

2. *Ref.* Here's the danger.

*He throws a Dish of Coffee
in his face, and so they fight.*

4. *Ref.* I cannot but laugh at this impudent Rogue in calling the Redoubt a Field of plough'd ground, for when this Battle he speaks of was fought, it was in the latter end of *March* when the Corn was so high that we ambuscado'd our Cavall'ry.

Co. Gent. Nay, friend, if he be not righter in Military Art, then you in the observation of your Corn, I believe all your stories alike. — *They fight.*

*Coff. M. and Ser-
vants part.*

Coff. Mr. Gentlemen, I pray be gone; this rudeness becomes a Suburb-Tavern; rather than my Customers shall be disturb'd in this fashion, I had better want your change.

*Coff. Mr. and Servants thrusts 'em all out of doors,
after the Schoolars and Customers pay.*

1. *Schol.* Landlord, If you intend your house to be like the School of *Athens*, you must take care these Buff-bravo's come no more here; they are nuisances to sober company in as high a degree, as they are scandalous to true Gallantry.

2. *Schel.* Did not you observe how their ignorance for want of Logick brought them presently to blows. *Ex. all but Ciff. Mr.*

Ciff. Mr. I suspect this Trade will not hold out, for I perceive the *Ver-tuosi* are a company of empty fellows, and most of 'em come here onely to change their breath with the stem of my Coffee. The truth is, the Claret-Philosophers (though they be few) are my best Customers; for when they come reeling in, no less than half a score Dishes they require to settle their Stomacks. Well, I'll try it yet a month longer, and if I fail then, I am resolv'd to take a House near a Pump, and with a stock of rotten Raisons and *Salsa-parilla*, set up a brewing of Dyet-drink, and Stipone, which I am confident will prove a good Commodity, if I be not interrerr'd by a Monopoly. *Exit.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Don Horatio, Sophro. Tar. and Stanlin.

Sophr. **T** *Arugo's* cheerful countenance speaks good success.

Hor. Come Cousin, Keep us no longer in suspense.

Tar. Then shortly tell us: My Gold prevail'd with her Taylour, notwithstanding his timorous apprehensions of *Patricio's* anger; by acting the part of his Fore-man I had access to *Liviana*, and have madag'd the business so happily, that nothing could be more acceptable to her as the perseverance of *Horatio's* Love, in return of your Picture she has here sent you hers.

Soph. The business is so well begun, that I don't despair of its success.

Hor. The beauty of this Copy encreases my flames, I'm for ever lost if I enjoy not the Original.

Soph. This pleases me, yet I have still a jealousy his love is in complacence to me, which I'll yet put to a further Trial. *aside.*

Don Horatio, My advice is, that you govern your affection with moderation, least you meet with disappointments by her Brothers severity, and then you are affected with fresh sorrows.

Hor. Madam I am resolv'd to persevere in the Enterprize, rather then give over so noble a design that's so well begun.

Soph. Be not too confident in so dangerous undertakings; for love is like a frozen Snake taken up by a compassionate Pilgrim; who trusting to its weakness, gives it the heat of his Bosome, and whilst the poor wretch is cheerfully

cheerfully marching on his way, he then finds the force of the Serpents poison, by a fatal sting in his breast: how often has love been known to begin with trifling and indifferent addresses; yet has swell'd to such heights when not ending with enjoyments, has brought on certain death: and though Loves firtings be not violent, yet his motions never cease till he has made a purchase of the heart; so, when the desired object cannot be acquired, the soul of the poor Lover is nothing but a compound of griefs and anxieties.

Tar. It seems the speaker by experience. *aside.*
 Cheer up, Cousin, since I have undertaken the conveyance, 'tis a distrust of my abilities to question a fortunate success.

Soph. O how I love *Tarugo*, for his confidence is comfortable.

Tar. I have been told Madam, that *Don Patricio* glories much in being a Friend and Kinsman of *Marquess Villama*, and that sometimes he corresponds with him from the *Indies*.

Soph. 'Tis true enough, and upon his account he has writ several times to me.

Tar. Then my project holds, Madam, the Fleet being lately arriv'd, cause with all expedition to be made ready a parcel of Indian rarities.

Hor. What do you intend by that?

Tar. To be transform'd like a Cavalier of *Peru*; for to 'till introduce my self to *Patricio's* Conversation (and happ'ly be lodg'd in his Family) and let me have one of the *Marquess's* Letters for the better counterfeiting his hand in an Epistle Recommendatory; (I had almost forgot my own little stock is spent in the first practice according to the Lawyers learn'd *Aphorisme*) Let not your Cause starve.

Hor. Fear not want; take: here is a Purse of 200 Pistols; and fit your self with the Conceits you have mention'd.

Soph. And there's one of the Letters you desir'd.

Tar. Both of you may now go to Pray'r, and leave the rest to me.—*Ex.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam *Don Patricio* is below, and desires to know if your Ladyship is to be seen.

Soph. *Horatio*! Shall he come up?

Hor. By any means, I am not afraid hee'll eat me.

Soph. I conjure you then not to be offended at what he speaks.

Hor. Provided his words be not accompany'd with blowes.

Soph. I'll answer for that; conduct him here *within*.

Enter Patricio, and makes a stand in a maze.

Pat. O here he is, when I view the Picture I am confirm'd; 'Tis none else but *Don Horatio's*! O Hell and Damnation.

Soph.

Soph. I perceive his looks bend at you with a forward aspect.
Hor. It seems his anger continues. — *aside.*

Soph. Dear *Patricio*, I hope the last day's dispute is forgot.

Pat. I am not so easily chang'd, especially when I meet with new reasons to confirm me.

Soph. Pray, Sir, be not so wilful, and as for arguments sake you have en-
 snar'd your self in a fond opinion, it will become your discretion to lay aside
 obstinacy, least you incur the imputation of a peevish Humourist.

Pat. Madam! If I find my jealousy rightly grounded, whatever he be
 that designs the dishonour of my Family, I am resolv'd that he and all his
 Interest shall be sacrific'd to my revenge.

Soph. I hope I have given you no offence.

Pat. Madam, I crave pardon, that my passion hath thus flown out in your
 presence, but the sense of injur'd honour hurry'd me on. — If *Horatio* be the
 person that pursues my disgrace, By all the glory of my Ancestors he shall
 suffer. — *aside, Ex.*

Hor. I doubt he suspects.

Soph. His passion demonstrates no less: it will not be amiss that we ac-
 quaint *Tarnado*.

Hor. Well thought on, let's go instantly and do it. — *Ex.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Liviana and Locura.

Loc. Madam, since you have to deal with a Mad-man, and that your love
 is honourably grounded, there's no fault to arm your self with a brisk dis-
 simulation.

Liv. Upon that consideration, I'll once try to set a bold brow against a
 steep hill.

Loc. Come, let's begin, for I hear him and his man bending towards
 us.

Liv. Love has sufficiently perfected me in my Cue.

Enter Patricio, Alberto.

Loc. Dear Madam, lay aside your passion, for it's true what I have told
 you.

Liv.

Liv. You lie like an impudent Slut; I say either deliver up the Picture, else I'll have you whipt for a Bawde.

Pat. What's the matter? From whence proceeds this passion?

Liv. This same naughty wench here, *Locura*, as we were yesterday coming from the Chappel, found a Gentleman's Picture: when she came home, shewing it me, I chid her for taking it up, and presently order'd her to burn it, and now forsooth she tells me it's lost; which I look upon as a shift that she may keep it.

Pat. This is strange, and seems a Riddle; Pray Heaven's it be not the fore-runner of greater Mischiefe.

Loc. If I did not lose it last night, let me be condemn'd to the strictest Cloyster in *Spain*.

Pat. Ha! *Liviana*, this is your cunning; because you see me careful in the preservation of your honour, you think by this Artifice to abuse me; but all will not do.

Liv. O Heaven's, that I should be thus innocently abus'd! Did not I foresee this? Go, Wretch that thou art, and find out the Picture.

Loc. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I have search'd all I can.

Pat. Come, Sister; this trick will not pass upon me; you know that I found the Picture when I was last in your Chamber; This confirms me of the Intrigues 'twixt you and *Don Horatio*.

Liv. O strange! have you lost your wits?

Pat. Peace, least I chastise your loose behaviour with this Dagger.

Liv. Brother, let me tell you, your groundless jealousy was temptation enough for me to have gone astray; if my own honour had not govern'd me better: If I have done amiss, you are to blame as well to conceal it, as not to punish it: and take notice, your austerity has awak'd desires in me that might have slept: If I chance to miscarry, I must attribute all to your idle humour: I'm confident this sottish distrust in men, thinking to overcome our Wills with violence, has been, and is still the onely great cause that creates vicious Women. *Exit in anger.*

Pat. I am almost convinc'd with the weight of her Reason; go *Locura*, follow your Mistress.

Loc. O Sir! she's in such a rage, that I'm affraid she'll beat me about the loss of the Picture!

Pat. Be not affraid, I'll remove that scruple.

Loc. Here is one Danger past. *Aside, Ex.*

Enter Alberto to him.

Alb. This Letter was left by a Sea-man ten dayes since, with the Porter, who all this time had forgot to deliver it.

Pat.

Pat. 'Tis not the first time I have been so serv'd by that negligent Rascal.
He reads the Letter.

SIR, the inclos'd will tell you what I am; that I cannot accompany this Letter, is by reason the wayers of the Customs-house will have the Presents I have brought you from Marquess Villana involl'd as a parcel of Merchandise; I expect your friendship to deliver me from this trouble: This from aboard the Pearl of Peru.

D. Chrisante de Pego.

Pat. O Heav'ns! when will the exorbitancy of these inferior Officers be at an end, for they and the like are the Instruments of great Odium upon the Government.

Alb. With the infolency of small fellows of birth and parts, when they come to places of trust.

Pat. This is Villana's Character.
He reads the Letter.

THE Gentleman to whom I have deliver'd this Letter, is one of my intimate Friends; he has business in Sevil, which happily may be advanc'd by the discretion of your good Counsell, the particulars he will impart himself: whatever kindness you witness him, shall be embrac'd as done to me. That our Friendship may not be forgot by distance of place, I have sent you such rarities as our Indies affords, which I hope will be receiv'd as coming from

Your faithful Friend, and humble Servant,

Villana.

Pat. Alberto, I'll go my self, and have this abuse corrected.

Alb. If there were not a Present in the Case he would not be so ready.
aside.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. An't like your Worship, there is an Indian-Gentleman at the Gate, with Presents for you from the Marquess Villana.

Pat. What like man is he?

Serv. He seems to be a person of Quality.

Pat. Alberto, Conduct him hither.

Enter

Enter Tarugo, in the habit of a Knight, with his Servants laden with Boxes.

Tar. I am afraid the Letter I sent you has miscarri'd?

Pat. If you be the Gentleman that's come from my Cousin *Villana*, it has miscarri'd so far, that I have but now receiv'd it by my Porters negligence: however, I was just now going my self to have taken order for your redress.

Tar. I heartily thank you Sir, but the Wayters after second thoughts had a regard to the Authority of your name, and so has dismiss'd me.

Pat. Noble Sir, my Cousin *Villana* speaks you his Friend, and consequently a person of merit, upon which account I earnestly intreat that both my house, and all other assistance, either as to advice or personal hazard, be at your disposal, during your aboad in this place.

Tar. I am not deceiv'd of the Character my Friend *Villana* gave of you; It shall be my study to deserve your kindness, In the mean time let these Presents be dispos'd of.

Pat. *Alberto*, Carry these Boxes to my Closet.—But oh—What shall I do with my Sister now that I have ingag'd him to lodg in my house? ————— *aside.*

Tar. Since your Hospitality is so great; let me acquaint you with my infirmity before I give you the trouble of being a Guest.

Pat. It would be a strange infirmity that should cause Marquis *Villana's* friend, being a Stranger, to lodg any where else but with me.

Tar. Sir, not to keep you longer ignorant of my disease; know, that if I meet with any Women in your house, I run the hazard of my life.

Pat. That's strange, it seems an enchantment.

Tar. You are in the right; for when I was about ten years of Age in *Mexico*, where my Father liv'd, There lodg'd a Girl of the same Age at our next door; she and I were Play-fellows: Her Grand-mother who had the repute of a Witch, seeing me once tumbling her a little rudely, to snatch a Kiss; the old Hag immediately in point of Revenge, so enchanted me, that upon the approach of any Woman, except Blood-relations, I am suddenly struck with the highest extremities of Convulsion-fits; insomuch that whilst the Paroxysm lasts, I run the hazard of my life by the violence of the pains.

Pat. This is an odd kind of Charm.

Tar. Nay Sir, it varies according to the handsomeness and Qualities of the persons: As for example, I can well enough admit of Nurses, and other necessary Vulgar Women to pass to and fro within my view; But when once either Youth or Beauty, especially of equal quality appears, then all the torments of Hell seizes on me at once.

Pat. Since 'tis so, you shall be in no danger in my Family; for there is but two Women, my Sister and her Maid, who shall be dispos'd of to remote lodgings by themselves.

Tar. This is so great on obligation, that my first Letter to the Marquess shall be nothing but an account of your civilities.

Pat. To his Friend I cannot be kind enough, but were you ever in *Spain* before?

Tar. This is the first time.

Pat. Could you receive the Order abroad?

Tar. The King sent it me.

Pat. No doubt it was upon the score of some eminent service.

Tar. I serve none, though in following my own Inclinations, the Kings affairs had some advantage by my Countenance.

Pat. I perceive the Rodomontado's that's left in *Spain* begins to root in the *Indies*. *aside.*

Your pardon, Sir, till I give order for your Lodging.

Tar. Since I have deliver'd my self up to you, let's avoid Ceremonies.

Pat. Your servant Sir. Come *Alberto* *Ex.*

Tar. I have in some sort tun'd this unruly Instrument.

Enter Liviana and Locura at the door.

Liv. *Tarugo*! I have heard all the discourse that pass'd 'twixt you and my Brother; really the Plot is well laid.

Tar. You'll think it better if I order it so, that once this night you and *Horatio* shall meet.

Liv. That I cannot comprehend considering the multitude of Guards.

Tar. Has not your Garden a back-door?

Liv. Yes, but my Brother keeps the key.

Tar. No matter as I have design'd, he himself shall open it for *Don Horatio's* entrance.

Liv. Alas! my Brother has got *Horatio's* Picture.

Tar. How came he by it?

Loc. He found it in my Lady's Chamber.

Tar. Does he suspect any thing?

Liv. Most furiously jealous, though I told him *Locura* found it as we came from Chappel, yet nothing can allay his passion.

Tar. Trouble your self no more, I'll recover the Picture, and calm his rage. But hark me *Liviana* *They whisper.*

Loc. They are now at counsel, but I am sure to be on the Execution. *aside.*

Tar. Pray remember.

Liv.

Liv. How can my memory fail where such happiness is propos'd ?

Tar. Be gone : I hear your Bother coming. ——— *Ex. Liv. and Loc.*

Enter Patricio.

Pat. *Don Christento*, your Lodgings are ready, so you may retire to them at pleasure.

Tar. Noble Sir, I meet with such frank and real friendship, that I should do my self an injury to retard the communication of the affair brought me to *Sevil*.

Pat. In that do as you think fit.

Tar. Being already inform' of my fatal Charm, you must needs conclude, its consequence debates the satisfaction of Matrimony. I have onely one Sister left to continue our Family : there is a Knight living in this Town, whose fair reputation has made a conquest of her affection. 'Tis like, being of the same quality, and living in the place, he must needs be within the verge of your Acquaintance.

Pat. Speak his name, and I'll satisfy you.

Tar. I'll first try you with the sight of his Picture. *{ He searches his Pocket, }
By all that's sacred 'tis lost : O how shall I acquit { misses the Picture
my self to my Sister ?*

Pat. If your Sister was so passionately in love with him, how came she to part with the Picture ?

Tar. That's a just exception which I must tell you flow'd from her self, who (not trusting to any other) she prevail'd with me to undertake this Voyage, and try whether the opinion of the World, as to his Vertues, and his own person compar'd with the Picture, be every way consistent. But now having lost it, I may be satisf'd of the one, but scarce of the other.

Pat. Sure you remember his name ?

Tar. That I cannot forget, for he bears the name and Title of *D. Horatio De St. Christophel*.

Pat. Now I begin to be convinc'd of the injury I did to *Liviana*, and her Maid. ——— *aside.*

But do you remember where you lost it ?

Tar. Scarcely : unless yesterday coming from a little Chappel, not far from this place, where in pulling out my Handkercher, I dropt my Sneezing-box, which was suddenly restor'd by the first finder, and there I suspect it fell in the hands of some Reprobate that was not in use of Confession.

Pat. The same place that *Locnra* found it. ——— *aside.*
But Sir, the Picture is not lost.

Tar. I would ransom it with a thousand Duckets.

Pat. I believe this is it; my Sisters Maid found it in the same place you mention'd. *Plucks out the Picture.*

Tar. O happy Maid! I wish my enchanted infirmity would allow me to give her personal thanks: however a bountiful Token of my remembrance shall not be wanting.

Pat. That needs not; I am glad any within my house had the good fortune to serve you.

Tar. But as to *D. Horatio*, how stands his reputation here in *Spain*?

Pat. Most deservedly great, which you will soon find by a little conversation.

Tar. And that shall be done with the first conveniency.

Pat. 'Tis a good resolution, and the sooner you finish the matter, so much the better; for there is still danger accompanies the keeping of young Beauties.

Tar. That's true; for those who pretend to be in the greatest security, are aptest to be deceiv'd.

Pat. No! I esteem him a fool that pretends to keep a Woman, and is over-reach'd.

Tar. I will not dispute the matter; but if you please now that the night approaches, let's enjoy a little friscoe in the Garden.

Pat. A good motion; *Alberto*, do you run before, and set the Water-works a going, and light the Flamboys of *Orpheus's* Grot.

Alb. I shall Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Liviana and Locura in the Garden.

Loc. I admire the cunning and dexterity of *Tarugo*.

Liv. But if he bring *D. Horatio* hither, and conduct him safely out agen, I shall ne're doubt his other undertakings.

Loc. You need not question it, since hitherto he has been so successfull.

Liv. Conform to his Directions; we'll stay in the Garden.

Enter Patricio.

Loc. But Madam, there comes your Brother and *Tarugo*; by *Patricio's* advance he seems as if he would speak with you.

Liv. I think so.

Pat. Sister! because the sight of a Woman is not acceptable to my Guest, be pleas'd for a time to withdraw to your Chamber, that we may have the freedom of the Garden.

Liv. That's a strange humour; but you know the disposition of my body requires an after-Suppers walk.

Pat.

Pat. We will not stay long, and so you may return. ———— *Ex.*

Liv. Let's go *Locura*; when my Brother's out of sight we'll hide our selves among the Bushes, and listen what passes. ———— *They hide.*

Enter Patricio and Tarugo.

Tar. A most incomparable piece of Nature richly improv'd by Art.

Pat. It serves me, Sir.

Tar. 'Tis so delightful a Paradise, that I think I'll scarce be perswaded to get out of it this night.

Pat. I suppose rest would become you better after so tedious a Sea-voyage.

Tar. Can there be greater repose then where the most vertuous part of our senses are so largely regall'd?

Pat. O Heav'ns! no appearance of his going! if my Sister chance to come to the Garden ———— *aside.*

Tar. Me thinks I hear a noise of fighting. ———— *A noise of fighting without.*

Pat. No matter, it concerns not us.

Hor. Ah Traytors five to one. ———— *Another noise.*

Tar. Bless me Heavens!

Hor. O bloody Murderers, is there no generosity? Would it were light that I might kill the one half of you with my looks, to save the blunting of my Sword.

Pat. *Don Crisanto*! you seem concern'd.

Tar. The tie we owe to Knighthood obliges us to relieve the oppress'd.

Pat. Spoke like a Gentleman; lets go then. ———— *Ex.*

As they go out into the Garden, Horatio slips in.

Enter Liviana and Locura.

Loc. What can this mean?

Liv. I know the trick; run you towards the Garden door, and if you meet *Horatio*, conduct him to the Grove, where I'll stay his coming. ———— *Ex.*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here's one opportunity gain'd.

Loc. By your countenance, you seem *D. Horatio*.

Hor. I am.

Loc. Come along with me. ———— *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Patricio and Tarugo, breaking their swords.

Tar. They scap'd us narrowly: but I believe we were mistaken.

Pat. Like enough; for I fancy they were onely Rogues upon the set, for catching of Cloaks. Sir, if you think fit, it's time to retire, before the night air come on severely.

Tar. With all my heart.

Pat. But I'll shut the Gate.

Tar. All falls out well as yet.

Pat. Don Crisanto, there's the Garden entry to your Lodgings; I give you good night.

Tar. Your humble servant Sir, but I must return.

Enter Horatio and Locura.

Loc. They are gone *Horatio*, you may come out.

Hor. Yes, Madam, to prostrate my self at your feet.

Loc. You'r mistaken, I am not *Liviana*.

Hor. Who then?

Loc. Her servant *Locura*.

Enter Tarugo.

Tar. I have left the jealous Coxcomb fix'd in his Chamber.

Hor. Is that *Tarugo*?

Tar. The same.

Hor. Where's *Liviana*?

Tar. Not far off; the order'ing this bus'ness has perplex'd me to the purpose.

Enter Liviana.

Liv. Here she comes that will thank you.

Hor. Madam, though the night has clouded the glory of these flowers, yet with the presence of your Beauty they are restor'd to all the vanity which Nature ever bestow'd upon 'em.

Liv. Don *Horatio*, if there be any thing makes me question the sincerity of your expressions, is, that your love to me is u, on no other account but to convince my Brother's rigorous jealousy.

Hor. Madam, I dare not deny but the Lady *Sophronia* engag'd me upon that account; but here I invoke the Heavens, and all those glorious bodies with

with which they are garrish'd to be my witnesses that you are the onely person I adore with a sincere and spotless love.

Liv. There needs no more; you are believ'd, and I with the same affection deliver up my self, and all mine to your disposing; for the present let our care be how you may be safely convey'd out of this dang'rous place.

Tar. That will be hard without over-turning the house.

Liv. Why, where can he stay?

Loc. O Madam! Here's a great noise of Feet, and they bend this way.

[A noise without.

Tar. 'Slife, 'tis your Brother, and all his Servants; and my Sword has unhappily dropt, that will encrease the noise.

[Noise again.

Pat. Alberto! Haste, bring higher Lights.

Alb. I come Master.

Liv. Oh, oh! I am the most unfortunate of Women.

Tar. I'll secure you at this bout; and for you *Don Horatio*, shelter your self among the Mirtles.

Hor. I obey.

Ex.

Tar. Madam! when your Brother comes, tell him, being in my Balcony, as you pass'd by, I tumbled down;

Enter Patricio with Servants and Lights.

Liv. O Brother! I am affraid your Stranger-Friend has broke his neck; for just as I pass'd by he tumbled out of the Balcony.

*Tarugo counter-
feits his Fit.*

Tar. O Heaven's! will my Torments never have an end?

Pat. What's the matter?

Tar. Unfortunate Wretch that I am, and more unfortunate in your Friendship! Did not you tell me I should see no Women in your house: I think the Devil either brought me to the Belcony, or the Women to the Garden.

Pat. Sister! You and your Maid withdraw, the sight of you makes him worse: I am hartily sorry for this Accident, but I hope you are not ill hurt.

Tar. Worse then it appears; but I pray convey me to my Chamber.

Pat. Come, lets bear him smoothly.

They carry him away.

Alb. O! to think of the pleasurable life I should enjoy, if all the Town Stallions were of the temper of this Gallant?

Cook. If that were true, I wou'd farm out my Carkass in as many nineteen shares as ever a Ship was divided among Widows and Orphans.

Butler. The Great question wou'd be then, whether your bodily basting, or my faculty of Gembling would turn to the best account?

Alb.

Alb. When all is done, I suspect if all these Castles in the Air were true, we shou'd at the long run find it the most cumbersome of all domestick Drudgeries. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Liviana, Locura, and Horatio.

Liv. Oh how shall we dispose of *Horatio*?

Loc. In your Closet for one night.

Liv. I'll venture, though it consists not with the modesty of our sex.

Hor. Madam! What shall become of me?

Liv. Sir, the freedom I may chance to afford for your safety, I hope you'll not abuse it in any thing that may wrong my honour.

Hor. I'll sooner undergo the greatest of hazards.

Liv. Then my Closet shall be your retreat, till morning you get to *Tarugo's* chamber.

Hor. Madam! this bounty becomes a Goddess.

Liv. 'Tis love that moves me.

Hor. May I presume —————

He kisses her hand.

Liv. If my Lady had not been thus mowed up, she would have been burned sooner than afforded this freedom. ————— *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Horatio, Tarugo.

Hor. I am astonish'd at your great Foresight, ready Wit, and courageous Confidence.

Tar. Cousin, 'Tis the indulgence of kind Nature, to provide those with shifts who are destitute of all other help.

Hor. I have seen you contrive, and act that on a sudden, which would take a Play-maker six days to dress in a Scene.

Tar. And yet he gains the reputation of a wit, whilst I pass for a Crafty-knave.

Hor. Nothing more certain.

Tar. And when poverty and age comes to oppress me, I shall be scarce admitted in the hospitall of the decay'd *Vertuosi*.

Hor.

Hor. Like enough; unless you can instruct either the contriving of a conceiv'd Sneezing-box, or a set of Glas-butors, with Squibs in their Breeches.

Tar. For that reason, whilst I am young, I'll bestir my self like a Lord that comes to his Honour before his Fortune.

Hor. Right! or like a hungry Courtier that's been long out of play.

Enter Liviana above.

Liv. Hift! Hift! *Tarugo—Tarugo!*— my Brother knows there's a man in the house.

Tar. What's the matter?

Hor. My dearest, how came that about?

Liv. A little Negro-wench who see you pass through the Garden to *Tarugo's* Chamber hath made discovery.

Tar. No matter: do you withdraw to your Chamber, and keep close.

Hor. What do you intend now?

Tar. To prosecute the same design, onely this Alarm hastens it with some change of Circumstances; Get upon my bed, tie up your arm, and let the bloody sleeve of your Shirt hang out; and be sure to counterfeit a sound sleep.

Hor. Fear nothing on my part; but if there be need of fighting, speak loud, and to the purpose. ————— *Ex.*

Pat. { *Alberto,* Go search the Garrets, and secure all the Windows, and within } *Sancho* do you the same to the lower Room; it will be strange if this fellow scape us all.

Alb. { We obey. ————— *Exeunt.*

Sanch. {

Enter Patricio in a hurry, with two Servants towards Tarugo's Chamber, where Tar. in his Gown meets 'em with his sword drawn.

Tar. What's the matter Gentlemen, that you come thus arm'd to my Chamber? Do you intend to murder me?

Pat. Heav'n forbid such a villany; I was told there's Thieves in the house, which puts me upon the search.

Tar. You may forbear that; I was just coming to acquaint you with the strangest accident that ever befel in Spain.

Pat. You amaze me; What's the business Sir?

Tar. Do not you remember, last night in the Garden we heard two several noises in different places about the quarrel.

Pat. Very well,

Tar. And as we return'd from following the first noise which fled from us, there was some clashing of Swords, as it had been nigh your Garden back-door.

Pat. I do remember, and upon our speedy approach it vanish'd.

Tar. Well then; let me ask you a question; Is there such a Knight in or about the Town that bears the name of *Don Alonzo de Figueros*?

Pat. There is such a noble Person, and of an ancient Family.

Tar. Is there a quarrel 'twixt him and any other?

Pat. A most lasting and bloody feud 'twixt them and the *Lucina's*.

Tar. All this agrees.

Pat. But how came you to the knowledg of *Don Alonzo*, and what makes you so curious to understand his Enemies.

Tar. I, that will raise your wonder; besides, I shall bless the time I came to be lodg'd with you.

Pat. That removes part of my wonder into joy.

Tar. Take notice Sir, the noise we heard last night, was not as we suppose'd, occasion'd by night Rats.

Pat. What then?

Tar. It was this same *Don Alonzo*, and his Kinsman, who were set upon by the *Lucina's*; *Alonzo* was separate from his friend, which it seems was the noise we sought after first; and that which was towards the Garden-door, was *Alonzo's* Kinsman, hardly put to it by his Enemies. But upon our approach, they fancied a relief from the *Figueros*, and so betook themselves to flight; the Gentleman finding himself weak with the loss of blood by a wound in his Arm, laid hold on the opportunity of your Garden-doors, being open, and came to the seat of the West-corner to rest himself.

Pat. This is a strange accident; I am apt to believe it; for *Don Balshazar* who is head of the *Lucina's*, is a person of a low spirit, and has made several unworthy attempts of this kind to murder *Don Alonzo*; but pray what's become of the Gentleman.

Tar. This morning betimes, an hour before Sun-rising, finding my self in different well recover'd of my last Convulsion-fits, I came to recreate my self in the Garden, where I found him in such distress, that in my time I ne'er saw such an object of compassion.

Pat. What became of him then?

Tar. With the best skill I had I bound up his wound, and brought him to my Chamber.

Servant. An't like your Worshipp, it was about break of day, the little Moor saw this same strange man, and

Pat. I am now satisf'd of the Alarm; But where consists your singular happiness, by saying you wou'd bless the time for lodging with me.

Tar.

Tar. I that's matter indeed.

Pat. As how I pray?

Tar. Why this same Gentleman in whose relief I was so fortunate, calls himself *Don Horatio de St. Christophel*.

Pat. It's very like, for he is Cousin-Germain to *D. Alonzo*; and they are often together.

Tar. However, it was ne're my intention to be abus'd by any sinistrous belief; but was resolv'd so soon as I got ready to have found you out, and have the matter try'd; it seems the Alarm has hasten'd the discovery in bringing you to me.

Pat. That shall be speedily known.

Tar. I left him sleeping upon my bed, and I'll in, and try if he be awake.

[*Tarugo goes in, and returns instantly.*]

Pat. I pray do it softly, for it were barbarous at such a time to disturb him.

Tar. he's fast asleep, but so that you may have a full view of his Face; I pray let's step in quietly and satisfy my impatience.

{ *They both go in
and peep.*

Pat. 'Tis certainly he, now he begins to stir.

Tar. Let's withdraw a little, and give him liberty to awake of himself.

Hor. awakes, and stares about.

Hor. I miss the courteous Gentleman that brought me hither, and sav'd my life; I wish he were here; for being under *Don Patricio's* Roofe, I know not to what length his Passion may lead him to revenge the debate of the last encounter; happily his presence might allay rash Actions: But oh! when I think on't, I injure honour to imagine *Don Patricio* can be guilty of Baseness; I hope Heav'n will be satisfi'd for my unjust jealousy with my inward sorrow: Well, upon this generous fancy, I'll venture to take a little more rest.

[*He puts himself to sleep again.*]

Tar. How *Patricio*? Can you be that man's enemy whom you so lately magnifi'd to me?

Pat. You must know *Don Crisanto*, there ne're was any material quarrel 'twixt *Horatio* and me; onely last day we had a little debate upon the nicety of an Argument, that concern'd neither our Honours, nor Interest.

Tar. From such a trifle nothing of malicious hate could rise.

Pat. Not on my part; I believe it is so with him; for it was onely want of skill in either that could not manage our different opinions with that smooth dexterity that ought to be in point of Argument.

Tar. I have observ'd indeed, that where the want of such conveyances is not practis'd, the variation of fancy is often accompanied with tart Contradictions; nay, sometimes the loudness of the voice betrays the inno-
cence of the Mind.

Pat. In a few words you have hit upon the difference.

Tar. If that be all I'll be the balsome to salve up that fore, and before you come together, I'll so prepare him that he shall meet your Candid disposition with a suitable generosity.

Pat. A most provident and discreet resolution. Ex.

SCENE, Tarugo's Chamber.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. I wonder *Tarugo* staves; yet when I consider, it must be upon some necessity; for as to me I know neither his kindness nor industry can undo one another.

Enter Tarugo.

Tar. I just now parted with *Don Patricio*, in so serious a belief of my Reality, that he scruples at nothing I say; and I have so order'd the matter, that he resolves to forget all the heat that pass'd 'twixt you and him in presence of the Lady *Sophronia*; so when ever you come to meet, embrace as never any such business had been.

Hor. Any thing that will advance our Project.

Tar. Here is the picture of my *Doxie*, which diverted me when I was in *England*; it must pass for that of my Sisters which I brought you.

Hor. Really it's pretty; But why done like a Shepherdess?

Tar. O the most obliging despos'd Ladies there, will ever be drawn in that innocent dress.

Hor. I hope they are not so coy as the *Astrea's* and *Urania's* in *Arcadia*.

Tar. So far from it, that during all my abode in and about *London*, I ne're knew either a *Tyternus* or a *Malebrinus* breathe one sigh for his Mistress's cruelty; but I have heard some scalded *Corridons* make greivous groans for the warm enjoyments they had from the Nymphs that ply the Parks in the *Upper-Holbornia*: But here comes *Patricio*; Mind your count'nance of dissimulation, keeping the Picture constantly in your hand, adoring it with the name of the incomparable *Durinda*.

Enter

Enter Patricio.

Hor. Is it possible that ever I shall attain that good fortune to be sufficiently grateful, for the singular happiness I have met with under your Roof, and within its precincts. *{ He runs and embraces Patricio.*

Pat. Noble *Horatio*, I am doubly rewarded, in having the opportunity to serve you, and *D. Crisanto*, the friend of the renown'd *Marques Vil-lana*.

Tar. I think my joy ought to be greatest, in being happy in a Brother in Law, who in all respects goes beyond the Character was given by his Uncle *Antonio*; at that time my Sister became in love with the same of his good parts.

Hor. O to think of my happiness when I come to enjoy the incomparable *Durinda*. *————— Kisses the Picture.*

Tar. Brother *Horatio*, I am impatient till I find out your Mother, that I may discharge her Brother *Antonio's* Commendations, therefore let's be gone.

Pat. I hope *Don Crisanto* you'll return to your old Quarters.

Tar. To do otherwise were to blot my own discretion; assure your self, during my aboad here, I have design'd your House to be my home.

Pat. The honour's mine.

Hor. Brother *Crisanto*! you tell me the sight of an old Woman brings not on your disease.

Tar. Not at all.

Hor. Then my Mother is past 60, and for the other young Waiting-Girls, before you enter I'll have 'em all remov'd out of the way. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Liviana, Locura.

Liv. *Tarugo's* singular dexterity has remov'd all our fears.

Loc. I hear your Brother coming.

Liv. That's well, for I intend to entertain him with free language.

Enter Patricio.

Pat. How is it with my Sister?

Liv. Not so very well.

Pat. Where lies your Sickness?

Liv. In my mind.

Pat. Who has discompos'd it?

Liv.

Liv. None but you by defaming my reputation to the world.

Pat. In that you wrong me, for the preservation of it is all the business I aim at.

Liv. The means you use are barbarous and irrational.

Pat. Softly Sister.

Liv. My complaint is just ; for the World must needs conclude, the severity you have practis'd upon me was grounded upon my loose behaviour : Brother, Brother ; There's my loss which is scarce to be repair'd ; for the action being done by you who has the repute of a Wise man, makes the deeper and blacker reflexions upon me.

Pat. Trouble your self no more, I am convinc'd of my error ; besides, all my cares and fears are almost at an end, you being now upon the matter e'en as good as marry'd.

Liv. That's strange ! and I as yet ignorant of the person ; pray : what is he ?

Pat. That noble Cavalier, *Don Roderigo de la Rochos.*

Liv. Do you know if I love him ?

Pat. I have made choice, and you must be content.

Liv. In this matter Brother, I am the person most concern'd, and therefore ought to be first consulted. 'Pray ! assume no more pow'r in the Election of a Husband for me, than I shall do in a Wife for you.

Pat. This freedom does not become you.

Liv. Have not I a Will ?

Pat. Nothing in this but obedience : I being your Father in the case.

Liv. Here's a story indeed ! A grave Father ? I wish you had the Wisdom that's requisite in an elder Brother.

Pat. Let me hear no more words ; for the business is resolv'd, and conform to my promise ; I am now going to bring *Don Roderigo, Alberto* when you have order'd the Guards, go find out the Priest, for this Night I'll have the Marriage Consummate. ————— *Ex. Pat. Alb.*

Liv. Did you hear all this *Locura.*

Loc. Yes, Madam, with great grief.

Liv. Rather then I'll be false to *Don Horatio*, I'll embrace the worst of Deaths.

Loc. Alledge stoutly, That you are marry'd already, and if you please, I'll take the deepest Oaths that the law affords, that I saw the Priest joyn you and *Horatio* together.

Liv. There may fall out bloody Consequences 'twixt my Brother and *Horatio* by such a shift ! oh ! oh ! is there no hopes of relief ?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam ! the Lady *Sophronia* is come to visit you.

Enter *Sophronia* and *Stanlia*.

Liv. She is most welcome : Go, wait upon her in *Locura* ; this is a most blessed opportunity to advertise *Horatio* and *Tarugo*.——Dear *Sophronia*, you could ne're have come to visit me at so seasonable a time.

Soph. I hope, Madam, the pains I have taken to cultivate the love 'twixt you and *Horatio* is acceptable.

Liv. Nay, Madam, though your interest be equally complex'd, yet when our loves are Crown'd with marriage, I shall ever acknowledge you as the happy instrument.

Soph. But what think you of *Tarugo's* inventions ?

Liv. He has not his equal in the world.

Soph. I verily believe, if he had liv'd in the dayes of *Lycurgus*, he had been preferr'd to be Recorder of *Lacedemon*.

Stan. Don't you observe, *Locura*, how my learned Lady enamels her discourse with Historical Sippets of Antiquity.

Loc. Pish ! I have often heard my Grandmother say, that learn'd Women were sometimes led into dangerous curiosities, and upon that account I think it no excellent qualification in our Sex.

Stan. You are in the right, there being strange and perilous things mention'd in Books ; for I was once in a condition that I could not rest in ten dayes, onely for reading six lines of a rapture.

Soph. This is strange—————— To *Liviana*.

Liv. Most certain he himself is gone for *Dan Roderigo*, and sent his man *Alberto* for a Priest ; I expect him every hour, though I am resolv'd ne're to yield, yet my Brothers passion may lead him to commit extravagances upon me.

Soph. For that very reason I will stay with you, and at your Brother's Return, 'tis like I may inveigle him to conduct me home. In the mean time *Stanlia*, run and advertise *Horatio* and *Tarugo* of the danger *Liviana* is in to be marry'd this night to *D. Roderigo* ; and assure 'em, I will so divert *Patricio*, that they shall have time either to practice force or flight.

Liv. O my comfortable *Sophronia* !

Soph. Cheer up Madam ! my life upon't *Horatio* and *Tarugo* will overcome this difficulty. Come, let's to the Garden, and stay their coming.——————

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter D. Patricio and Roderigo.

Rod. Though the Alliance and the person be in all respects as fair and great as ever any of my Family would pretend to, yet it still runs in my fancy that the Lady *Liviana* will not yield.

Pat. What's your reason?

Rod. Because she being of so lofty and witty Education, 'tis not to be imagin'd she will condescend to marry at first sight.

Pat. My Authority shall weather that difficulty.

Rod. Because 'tis a matter of marriage, I'll venture two hours Siege, if in that time she yields not, I fall presently off.

Pat. If my Sister do not answer your expectation, I'll conduct you from the Siege with all honour and safety. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Liv. Soph. Loc. in the Garden.

Soph. Whatever the matter is, I find Whisp' rings to my Soul of some approaching happiness.

Liv. Would I could entertain such thoughts.

Loc. Madam! this should be *Don Patricio* by his rapping!

{ Noise at door.

Liv. Like enough.

Soph. Get you to your Chamber; I'll go meet him, and practice my Trick, which shall in the end convince him, that *Mercury* as well as *Venus* club'd his influence at my Nativity.

Enter Patr. Roder. where Sophronia meets 'em in the Hall, and their Servants at their Guard posture.

Soph. *Don Patricio*, when I come to visit your Sister, you keep out the way.

Pat. Madam! if I had known of your coming, no temptation in the world could have withdrawn me; but I am glad that you are here at this time.

Soph. What's the matter?

Pat. Because I am just now going to marry my Sister to this noble Gentleman *Don Roderigo*; I hope you will not grudge to be Witness to the Ceremony.

Soph. With all my heart: but I must go home first, and I expect you and your friend will conduct me.

Pat:

Pat. Yes, in hopes you will return, and let the same Priest put an end to all our long loves.

Soph. We shall advise of that hereafter.

Pat. Come *Roderigo*, we'll satisfy this Lady.

Rod. It cannot be avoided; besides, I am not so hasty, for I still expect a denial.

Pat. Mind your duty *Alberto*; Come, then Lady. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, Tarugo, in Piazza.

Tar. Hitherto we have been miraculously successful.

Hor. If I had Empire and Sovereignty, you should be my onely Minister of State.

Tar. So you might, and be well serv'd, for greatness would convert all my Tricks and Circumventions to the delicate words of prudence, foresight and sagacity. If I be not mistaken, here comes *Stanlia*.

Enter Stanlia.

Stan. *Horatio! Tarugo!* If you take not a speedy course presently to rescue *Liviana*, her Brother is resolv'd to marry her this night to *Roderigo*, and to give you opportunity to act the more securely, my Lady by this time has train'd both *Roderigo* and *Patricio* to her own Lodgings, where she intends to divert them till you have attempted something in order to *Liviana's* relief.

Hor. 'Slife, I'll go call my friends, and force the house.

Tar. Be sober and resolute, without confusion: the business shall be done at this time or not at all; *Stanlia*, return and bid your Lady gain as much time as may be.

Stan. I obey. *Ex.*

Tar. We are close by *Patricio's* House; run you and stand at the corner of *Toledo-street*, where I will direct *Liviana* and her Maid to find you.

Hor. I'll do what you bid me, though I am still of the opinion, that now during his absence, force would be the onely way.

Tar. It would look so like a Riot, that we should have all the City about our ears: but no more, let's to our business. *Ex.*

Tarugo comes to Liviana's Chamber-window, and knocks. Enter Locura at the Window.

Loc. What's the matter *Tarugo*?

Tar. Is *Patricio* gone out?

Loc. Yes, to conduct the Lady *Sophronia* home.

Tar. That's well: there he'll be ty'd till we have done our business.

Liv. Which way?

Tar. No more words; but both of you be instantly dress'd in your courtesit and unusual Cloaths.

Liv. What next?

Tar. Pass through the Garden where you'll find my Chamber open, and there with your Faces veil'd stay for my coming.

Loc. That's easie and quickly done.

Tar. When once you find your self free without the great Gate, make all the haste you can to the corner of *Toledo-street*, where you'll find *Horatio* to conduct you to the Lady *Sophronia's* back-Entry; there I'll be ready to receive you.

Loc. Come, Madam, Let's go valiantly about the business. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Alberto, and Servants.

Alb. As I was this morning before I rose out of bed, upon the highest Bench of natural contemplation, I was convinc'd of the unreasonableness of my present employment.

1. Serv. 'Tis so far from being Military, that we are rather like Goalers than Souldiers.

Alb. Therefore with the first conveniency, I'll sling it off, and sooner undertake the weaning of Cub-Rats, rather than be at the drudgery of being a Turkish Guardian against a Christian Lady, that minds nothing but honourable enjoyment. But Mum! — here comes our Indian-Stranger.

Enter Tarugo.

Tar. Peace be here.

Alb. Bless your Worship.

Tar. I'm dry; bring some Lemnado to my Chamber.

Alb. Presently Sir. — *Ex. Tarugo, and returns in a great fury.*

Tar. Heavens defend me, I'm villanously murder'd and betray'd.

Alb. What do you mean by this, Noble Sir,

Tar. O Rascals! Traytors! Villains! have you convey'd Women to my Chamber to destroy me with Convulsion-fits?

Sanc. You amaze us, which way came they there?

Tar.

Tar. There they are you Doggs; go instantly and drag 'em out, else one after another I'll sheath my Sword in all your bellies. Look upon 'em you careless Coxcombes, are not these Women?

Tar. drives 'em all before him to his Chamber.

1. Serv. I believe they are Witches.

Alb. Yet I'll venture to see their Faces.

Tar. Thou Son of an English Sequesterator; do'nt you know the sight of a Womans face presently choaks me to death; I say instantly, let 'em be kick'd out, least I prove your Executioner.

Sancho, and the rest drive out Liviana and Locura.

Sanch. Go, and the Devil go with you; But pray Sir, discover nothing of this to our Master.

Tar. Provided you be more careful in time coming; 'gainst my return let my Chamber be well perfum'd, least their smell renew my distaste.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Hor. Liv. Loc. in their Disguises at the corner of Toledo-street.

Hor. This is the place.

Loc. Madam! there waits *Horatio*.

Hor. Are you come my Dearest?

Liv. Oh the fears I apprehend.

Hor. Continue still vail'd, and let's make haste to the Lady *Sophronia's*.

Liv. Let's on then. Oh! oh! *Horatio*, there comes *Pat Rod* are go my Brother and *Roderigo*; When will my miseries be at *King* towards 'em, an end?

Hor. Fear nothing; I have been too conversant with *Tarugo* to want a shift for this danger, which if it fail, 'tis here shall protect you. *Points to his Sword*

Enter Pat. Rod.

Pat. What are these coming towards us?

Rod. A man and two Women.

Pat. Every shadow swells my Jealousie.

Hor. *Don Patricio*, this a happy encounter, if you'll be pleas'd to afford me another Tryal of your Friendship.

Pat. Of that you may rest assur'd; But what's the matter?

Hor. The Lady is my Kinswoman, and Daughter to *Don Alonzo*: we have been paying a visit to her Father, who lies ill at a Surgeons house of

the woods he got at the late quarrel, in the next street our Coach break and upon such occasions you know the multitude crowds to gaze. Whereupon I bethought my self of going to the Lady *Sophronia*'s, to stay the mending of our Coach: and now being alone, to prevent any affront that might come to the Lady, either by the *Lucina*'s or any other accident, let me intreat your assistance in the Convoy.

Pat. Though there were not friendship in the case, Honour requires my help on such occasions: I hope *Roderigo* you'll not grudge your countenance?

Rod. In matters of Honour, I am never behind.

Hor. I think the Heavens have sent you both to my help.

Pat. That we may do it the more methodically, I'll march at a distance in the Van, and my Friend *Roderigo* shall keep the Reer, and *Don Horatio* with the Lady shall be the Battalia.

Hor. With this help I care not for all my Enemies.

Loc. It seems I am of the Baggage, and must along with the Artillery; yet I could wish *Alberto* with his Javelin were here to defend me. — *Aside, Exeunt.*

Enter *Sophronia*, *Tarugo*.

Tar. All that I have told you is true.

Soph. Thy invention is not to be equall'd.

Tar. But, Madam, I'll go below stairs and wait their coming.

Soph. Do, and bring 'em up the back way to my Closet. — *Exeunt.*

Enter *Pat.* *Rod.* *Hor.* *Liv.* *Loc.* at *Sophronia*'s back Gate.

Pat. Now *Horatio* there's *Sophronia*'s Lodgings, and since this danger is past, unless you have any other Service, I must beg your pardon being to return home; and deliver my Sister *Liviana* to this noble Gentleman, who is to be her Husband; for both she and the Priest I know by this time expect us.

Hor. I wish you both joy; e're long I hope you shall hear that *Crisanto* and I shall have likewise put a period to our affairs: it would be no small addition to us all to hear the same 'twixt you and the Lady *Sophronia*.

Pat. That will soon follow after the settling my Sister.

Hor. And that will be sooner then you imagine — *Aside, Exeunt.*

Enter *Soph.* *Hor.* *Liv.* *Stan.* *Loc.* *Tarugo*.

Soph. Bless'd be the Stars that has brought you both safely hither.

Hor.

Hor. The sport of all is, *Patricio* not knowing any thing convey'd us to your great Gate : He is just now below, ready to go home with *Roderigo*, thinking to marry him to *Liviana*.

Soph. That's best of all : And to have his Errour the more solemnly convinc'd; *Stanlia* go instantly and call *Patricio* up ; tell him he must needs come; neither will I admit of any excuses.

Stan. I run, Madam. ————— *Ex.*

Liv. What do you mean by this, I begin to have fresh fears?

Soph. No danger at all: *Horatio*, convey your Mistress to my Closet, and there stay till I call.

Hor. Come *Liviana*, let the apprehension of further danger be a Stranger to your thoughts ; as I am all yours, so I conceive you are so much mine, that though both your Brother and *Roderigo* should offer to force your return, Heav'n would lend this single arm strength to justify my right ; therefore let's follow the Lady *Sophronia's* directions.

Soph. Whatever become of me, in spite of all *Spain*, e're you two go from this House your Marriage shall be civilly and religiously consummate ; for I can order my family to stand out the finishing half a score of such bargains.

Tar. Yes, Madam ! and as many more, if you'll let me command your Garrison, as *Alberto* did that of *Patricio's*.

Soph. But I hear *Patricio* coming ; Therefore Cousin you and your Love to the Closet quickly.

Enter Patricio and Roderigo.

Pat. Madam, though my affairs are considerable, yet you see my readiness to obey your commands.

Soph. 'Twill be for your good in the end : but first let me ask you a question.

Pat. If I can I'll satisfy you.

Soph. Do you continue in the same opinion, of the facility in keeping a Woman from her humour ?

Pat. As yet I know nothing to convince me.

Soph. Will no less then a demonstration of the contrary satisfy you ?

Pat. No, Madam.

Soph. I warrant you, you think your self Cock-sure of *Liviana's* being at home.

Pat. What else ?

Soph. Come out ; Advance my new marry'd Couple ; *{ Enter Hor. Liv. if you be not now fitted with a demonstration, I'll trouble } from the Closet.*
my self no more to find one.

Pat.

Pat. If you be humane, speak. O Heavens! what do I see?

Liv. Nothing of Sorcery in the matter: the noble *Horatio*, who is now my Husband, has rescu'd me from your unjust slavery: He wants not generous courage to maintain what he has done.

Hor. That I will with the hazard of my blood, and all that belongs to my Family.

Soph. What, *Patricio*, are you Planet-struck?

Tar. Lay aside your wonder; onely a little cleanly conveyance of your much esteem'd Friend *Don Crisanto*, who is now return'd to be your humble servant *Tarugo*.

Soph. What say you? can a Womans will be fetter'd?

Pat. I acknowledg my errour.

Soph. Then our Nuptials shall be no longer delay'd.

Pat. Madam, though my spirits be a little troubled, yet the consideration of enjoying you, reconciles me to my Sister, and the brave *Horatio*.

They embrace.

Alb. My Noble Knights and Honourable Ladies, when all your Solemnities are over, I hope you have so much natural compassion as to think there be other mouths that cannot always chew fodder.

Pat. What do you mean?

Alb. Ee'n that *Domingo*, *Locura*, *Stanlia*, and I, may clip one another in a Matrimonial way.

Soph. Because you are so discreet in not seeking it till our Nuptials be past, your desires shall be granted.

Alb. Content: let it be so.

Rod. When all these knots are ty'd, there will be old whisking, and nothing left for me; however I am not much disappointed, for I ne're expected *Liviana* would love at first sight.

Hor. In this there's nothing new, onely you see a fresh experience of the impossibility of restraining a Womans Will.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

THere is a Fate accompanies Play-makers, like the Curse upon the Women of Holland; which is, besides the Authors true birth, the Audience will not be satisfied without a Sousterkine, and that forsooth trimm'd to a better advantage with trappings of Rhime then the Play it self. The truth is, our Poet bids me tell you, hee'l rather run the hazard of being thought no Wit, then garnish the corners of his sence with such canting Gingles: And if happ'ly he shou'd pop upon a revery of Dactylus and Spondæus, there's none knows h^e m^e wou'd believe it his. Therefore in his own way, he says, that having brought his Present from Spain, and having 'scapt the boisterous Billows of the Bay of Bilcay, he hopes at this time neither to dash or split upon these Boxes, nor be ingulfed in this Pit. And for his Friends above in the exalted Stalls, he expects the best from them, since he has complemented them with a Monky and a Jigge. All the Clap he expects from you is, not to be hift, and say with an indifferent Grimasse, 'tis well enough for a Novice. I am sure if you knew him so well as I, this cou'd never be refused, for he is a person that honours your good Men, and never boyled at the courtest of your Women.

If this prevail not, he hopes he's safe from danger,
For Wit and Malice, ought not to reach a stranger.